

3 The<sup>270</sup> Virgin VVidow.

*Engl. Theat. vol 23.*

A

COMEDIE.

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VVritten by FRA: QUARLES. K

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CLAUDIAM

*Virginis & vidua sunt rara trophaa pudica,  
Nec miranda satis spectantibus*

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L O N D O N,

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MDCXLIX.

The Virginia

COMPANY

Wm. H. H. H. H.

CLARKSON  
The Virginia

CLARKSON

CLARKSON  
The Virginia

## The Stationer to the Reader.



*His Enterlude, to sweeten the  
brackish distempers of a delu-  
ded age, is here (charitable Rea-  
der) to thy judicious view free-  
ly offered: having been sometimes at Chel-  
sie privately Acted (by a company of young  
Gentlemen) with good approvement. The  
Author, whose Divine Works have suf-  
ficiently proclaim'd his Abilities, may give  
thee assurance of finding in it, wit, worth, and  
well-season'd mirth. Invention to quicken  
Concept; Disposition to beautifie Art.*

*It is confest, that this Dramatick Poem  
was Mr Quarles his very first Assay in that  
kind: yet shalt thou collect by this Piece,  
that He knew as well to be delightfully fa-  
cetious, as divinely serious.*

Thy Friend to serve thee,

WILLIAM B. R. R.

## *The Actors Names.*

EVALDUS	<i>The King.</i>
AUGUSTA	<i>The Quene.</i>
BELLARMO PALLADIUS MUSEUS	} <i>The Kings three sonnes.</i>
ARTESIO	
ARTESIO	
ROSLA KETTREENA MARINA	} <i>Artesio's three daughters.</i>
PERTENAX FORMIDON COMODUS	
LACTUSIA	<i>A Nurse.</i>
QUACK	<i>Artesio's Apothecarie.</i>
QUISQUILLA	<i>Quacks Wife.</i>
QUIBBLE	<i>Quacks Man.</i>
PHONILLA TRIPPIT	} <i>The Quenes Maids.</i>
MADGE CIS	
FRANK	<i>A Faulkoner.</i>
ANTONY	<i>A head Drawer.</i>
GLISTERPIPE	<i>Artesio's Boy.</i>

*Two Pages, and Officers.*



# The Virgin Widow.

## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Formidon. Comodus.*

*For.* **C***omodus*, What eye did ere till now behold  
Folly and madnesse acted to the life?

*Co.* I wonder *Formidon*, the King could bear  
Such sawcy passion with so clear a brow.

*For.* His wisdom knew that *Pertenax* was far  
Too mean a subject for his discontent,  
And rather look'd upon his crack-brain'd words  
With princely eyes of pity then revenge.

*Com.* Such frantick tearms without the priviledge  
Of fool or mad-man would have easily rais'd  
Billowes of fury in the calmest breast,  
And heav'd a wel-hang'd patience off her hinge.

*For.* Nay, to be basely rude in such a place,  
*Artesio's* house, whose roof the King was pleas'd  
To honour with his presence — (lend

*Com.* Nay worse, at such a time when he was pleas'd to  
Free reines to mirth, and to suspend those cares  
That claime such interest in th' Imperiall brow.

*For.* Nay, when his fair acceptance crown'd the Feast  
Of glad *Artesio*, with his princely thanks;  
Nay, when his royall hand had newly laid  
The Sword upon his shoulders, and receiv'd him  
Into the glorious Order of a Knight;  
Then to break out into such basenesse thus —

B

*Com.*

*Com.* What mov'd him to't ?

*For.* Nay, he were wise could tell :  
I saw no cause at all

*Com.* Unlesse it were  
Some jealous qualme arising from a kisse  
Too hardly printed on *Kettreena's* lip  
By way of welcome to her Ladyship.

*For.* That might well be, for 'twas no sooner done  
But he ( not far to seek for passion  
Or tearms to vent it ) brake into this fury,  
And being choak'd with choller left the room :  
Whereat his new-made Lady pale as death  
( No stranger to his passion ) winck'd me out  
To follow him.

*Com.* I mark'd that passage well,  
And reading the dumb message in her eye  
Writ in pale characters, I quit the room  
To feel his pulse ; whom if I chance to spie  
He read a lecture to him :

*For.* So will I.

*Exeunt.*

*Sir Pertenax.*

*Pert.* Were he as many Kings as he has Subjects to abuse, I'de not endure'r. Come, the plaine truth is, I don't like it, so I don't, nor should I spare him had he been a King of Gold : What ? should I stood like a fool to be his shooin-horne to draw a paire of hornes upon my head, and turn Pander to his lickerish kisses, while he wipes my mouth with a cod-pieck Knighthood ? I'll hang first. Let him bestow his honour with a vengeance upon those that hold it a good pen'worth on such tearms : For my part I like it not. Have I liv'd these thrice thirty years, to be caught with Chaffe ? *Kettreena* must be a Lady, forsooth, to be more capable of his princely

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princely lust. And *Pertenax* must be dubb'd, and gain the glorious attribute of a right worshipfull Cuckold. Come, these are baits to catch young birds with, and honourable mists to blind ambitious fools with. His politique Majesty has taken a wrong Sow by th' eare. I'm none of those that for a smile can play the royall Pander, nor like a temporizing Wittold can help my wanton Prince into the Saddle, or hold his Stirrop. Did I not mark the lustfull progresse of his lascivious glaunces? And how his ugly rowling eyes shot fire-brands at *Kettreena's* face? How every word was garnish'd with a wanton smile, and still presented to *Kettreena's* eare! His antick gestures, crouches, congies, cringes, complements, and all directed to *Kettreena*! While she like a wel-disciplin'd Curtezan could counterfeit a modesty, against her conscience, to whet his lust into an appetite; and like a coy dissembling Bride, could sit and mince it, and inwardly rejoyce to think of future times.—— But see they come; I'll stand aside and watch.

*Ewaldus* leading *Kettreena*, *Artesio*, *Formidon*,  
*Comodus*, *Rosia*, *Marina*.

*Ewald.* *Artesio*, we shall study to requite Thy bounteous entertainment, and whilst we Possesse th' Imperiall Crown, be confident Thou hast a friend at Court. Come *Kettreena*, Chear up: W're pleas'd to set thy Husbands rudenesse Upon the score of Age the Advocate Of all infirmity.

*Kett.* Most gracious Prince,  
The strength of your known wisdome does appear  
More eminent in his weaknesse.

*Pert.* A courtly Whore!

*Kett.* And his extream defects

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Are by your goodnesse graciously supplied.

*Pert.* An ignominious Whore !

*Kett.* For which *Kettreena*,  
As duty binds, shall with a gratefull heart  
Lie prostrate at your feet.

*Pert.* A prostrate Whore !

*Kett.* And alwaies active to discharge that score  
Of your high favours.

*Pert.* Hey ! an active Whore !

*Ewald.* Enough *Kettreena* ; thy fair merits give  
Breath to our favours, and make virtue live. *Exeunt*  
*Manent Roscia, & Marina.*

*Ros.* I, let them go : Sister, we are too course  
For their respects.

*Ma.* Methinks we meerly serve  
Like worthlesse Cyphers to encrease a number.

*Ros.* Or like odde mony in a Taylors Bill  
Only to be abated : Let them go.

*Ma.* But yet methinks 'tis odde, that all the Trumps  
Should lie in fair *Kettreena's* hand, and none  
In ours.

*Ros.* Come, kissing goes by favour ; Let her go  
With her fair Game.

*Ma.* But that which vext me most,  
The foolish King had nothing else to say  
But I was like my Father, when he knowes  
Comparisons are odious.

*Ros.* Nay worse,  
His Complement to me was this, That I  
Bore my years well ; As good h'ad call'd me old,  
A word far more injurious then Whore.  
Beare my years well ? What is there in this face  
To merit such a Complement ? *Looks in her Glasse.*

*Ma.*

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*Ma.* I like my Father : though I say't,  
I scorn't : [looks in her Glasse.

*Ros.* My brow's not wrinkled.

*Ma.* These my Fathers eyes ?

*Ros.* My teeth all sound.

*Ma.* My Fathers lips like these ?

*Ros.* Cheeks plump enough.

*Ma.* Is this my Fathers haire ?

*Ros.* Eyes quick and clear.

*Ma.* Was h'ever half so faire ?

*Ros.* A double chin ! What Symptons can he gather  
Of Age ?

*Ma.* Or what resemblance of my Father ?

*Ros.* What secret beauty lurks there in *Kettreena*  
That is ecclip'd in *Rosia* ?

*Ma.* Or *Marina* ?

*Ros.* True, She's snout faire ; yet by her favour I  
Would scarce turn tables with her, though I say't.

*Ma.* She has a courtly tongue, to breed delight,  
She has a Husband too ; that is a Knight.

*Ros.* Had he not been the King, he should have known  
That I was sensible of his affront.

*Ma.* King, or no King, my ready fingers itch'd  
To scratch revenge on's face : I like my Father !

*Ros.* And yet our valiant Husbands could stand by  
And heare all this, and yet make no reply.

When *Pertenax* impatient of disgrace  
Could nose the King, and beard him to his face.

*Ma.* Husbands ! Husbands of Clouts.

*Ros.* But, as for mine,  
I'll ring his ears a peal of discipline :

*Ma.* I'll act my part, and if *Marina* fails,  
Let me want fingers, or these fingers nails. [Exeunt

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*Artessio. Quack.*

*Art.* Then let everlasting health be entayl'd upon the sons of men, and let the curse of a strong constitution fall upon man-kind, if I dis-card thee not : Away, avoid my fight ; must I thus squander out my pretious howers, and wast my wakefull night, to turn Baud to a hundred Marks, and connive at these your avaritious Murthers ? Away, thine eyes are Basilisks, and dart venome at me too strong for Antidotes to resist.

*Quack.* 'T was but once or twice six months, good Doctor be appeased.

*Art.* Appeased ! My fury hath no eares ; my boyling gall breathes up such fumes of bitterneesse into my crazy brains, that there is left no place for patience to repose.

*Quack.* I thought so faithfull a servant as I might have deserv'd one life among so many Patients, to put me into a new Suit of apparel, against Easter, without so much adoe.

*Art.* Slave ! shall you be first serv'd or I ? who gave you leave to send my Patients to the shades of death without my licence ! How durst you be so bold to snatch my wel-dealt Cards out of my skilfull hand, whilst I was studious to contrive and make the best advantage to my self ?

*Quack.* He could not by nature have liv'd much longer, Sir, I did but save neighbouring death a labour.

*Art.* What tell'st thou me of nature ? Is not the Patient mine ? Have not I power to produce the twine of fraile mortality, in spight of death, or nature ? Cannot I lengthen out the groaning daies of transitory flesh, or cut them short according to my pleasure and advantage ?

*Quack.* Good Sir, All this I know.

*Art.*



*Art.* Why, varlot, then durst you presume to stop the gainfull practises which I intended? When as the saplesse Stock could thrust no further Branches forth, worthy our notice, you might have then by permission, done your will upon him for your best advantage: When we had taken the first crop of his exuberous bags, you might have then made bold to eat the Rowens; Till then your insolence exceeded our Commission. Had he been born to swim against the stream of fortune, or tortur'd in the stubborn schools of daring Resolution: Or had his hide-bound purse preferr'd his sacred wealth before the lingring hopes of costly health—— But thus, to ravish from our thriving hand a man of Fortunes, one that desir'd to take up life at Interest, nay to buy his languishment at so profuse a Rate, denies all thought of Patience. Away, Avaunt, begone, No more *Artesio's* Servant now.

Bad be those Drivers that unhorse the Plough. *Exit.*

*Quack.* Is it even so? *Quack's* thread is fairly spun, *Quack* may go home again, his market's done.

*Sir Pertenax. Formidon.*

*Pert.* Is there never a Statute throughout the Volumes of the Law, that tolerates a man to hang himself?

*For.* If there were, it was repeal'd in the next King's Reigne, for a great inconvenience that grew upon't.

*Pert.* The more's the pity: To my thinking it were a very fine harmlesse exercise.

*For.* Why? there's a custome for't, for those that will seek the Rolls, and have such Wives as I with *Cornelius* his motion in her mouth.

*Pert.* Come, you are happy, the disease lies at that end; I would my Baggage would speak till her heart ake so she did lesse.

*For.*



*For.* Fie *Pertenax*, wrong not sweet innocence so much. Had but the Stars been pleas'd, would our Wives had been like our Indentures made enterchangeable: *Comodus* and I pick'd out both the vices, and left the virtue for you. Never could any but *Artesio* that by art can alter his constitution as he lists, been Father to three such different Daughters. *Marma* vents her spirit by the Nayles, my *Rosia*, hers by Tongue; and *Kettreena* hers by Tears: which like fluent Orators, plead a soft heart, a sweet nature, and a high spirit qualified with a mild discretion, and a harsh Husband.

*Pert.* Every one knowes best where his shoe wrings him: She's mild enough, and that the King knows, I fear to my cost.

*For.* And though I say't before thy face, she's fitter for a King then such a testy fool. But who comes here?  
*Comodus?*

*Ent. Comodus with a night-cap, and a scratch'd face.*

*Com.* From Harpies nayles, from Furies whips,  
From all sharp noses, and thin lips;  
From two-legg'd Cats with thrice nine lives,  
From scalding woort, from scolding Wives,  
From ful-mouth'd blasts, from female blowes,  
From smooth-fac'd Sluts, from sharp-nail'd  
Shrowes;  
From wounds t'inflie't, from plagues t'inflie't  
me,

My Genius bleſſe, my Stars protect me.

*For.* Now *Comodus*, what means this desperation?  
What Fury has posselt thee? What strange fit  
Usurps thy patience, and beclouds thy brow?  
What means this strange *Militia* in thine eyes?  
Who rais'd this storm? Has Age or Wedlock lent thee  
This

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This sickly Night-cap? Tell us what's the cause  
Of this dull change?

*Com.* I have a Reason for't.

*For.* I fear, I fear, some Oeconomick fire  
Hath late been kindled: Tell us what's the cause  
Of these sad looks?

*Com.* I have a Reason for't.

*For.* Disclose it then: Come, if the Bile be ripe  
'Tis best to launce it: A revealed grief  
Invites to cure, lies open to relief.

*Com.* He that can still the Thunder, or asswage  
The flames of sulphurous *Aetna*, or command  
The hideous powers of infernall Spirits  
Resolve for vengeance, he, and only he  
Can cure my grief: *Marinas* louder tongue  
Out-rores the Thunder, and her flaming eyes  
Out-scorches *Aetna*: Her impetuous rage  
Out-devils the whole Academe of Hell.

*Pert.* Blowes the wind there away?  
What ayles thy face?

*Com.* 'Twas lately harrow'd with her Harpy nailes.

*Pert.* Why didst not pare them then?  
Why didst not stop her viperous mouth?  
Why didst not drive those troupes of Devils  
From her stormy tongue?

*Com.* Bid me go snatch a daring Thunder-bolt,  
Or twi-forkt lightning from the hand of *Jove*:  
Bid me go stop the flowing Tides, or stay  
A singing Bullet in her middle way:  
Bid me go tame a Dragon; or restrain  
The Armes of Furies bent to high revenge,  
This were an easie taske; nay, easier far  
To slack *Hels* flames, then quench *Marina's* rage.

C

*For*

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*For.* Nay, then thy case is desperate, farewell. *Exit.*

*Com.* Who finds a Shrew, need fear no other Hell. *Exit.*

*Pert.* Such Devils ne<sup>r</sup> be tam'd; But when the Ram  
Begins to butt, O there's both Devil, and Dam. *Exit.*

*Augusta, Phonilla, Trippis.*

*Aug.* But *Trippis* is this certain?

*Trip.* Yes as sure

Madam, as fame can make it: 'Tis the voice  
Of the whole Court, whisper'd from ear to ear.

*Pho.* Madam, let not your easie faith relie  
Too much upon the voice of babbling fame;  
The Court is grown so vain, that it beholds  
All in extreams, and it owne nothing good  
But what it censures evill.

*Aug.* There's no smoake  
Without some fire: Report must have some ground.

*Trip.* Nay Madam, it is gone so far, that they  
Stick not to stile her by the name of Queen.

*Aug.* That's far enough a conscience, but I hope  
The faire *Kettreeena* will be pleas'd to stay  
Till we resigne, or die.

*Pho.* Madam, believe it not;  
The Court is too censorious, and will tax  
The innocency of a very smile:  
They weigh our reputations with the scales  
Of their own loose conceits, and our good Names,  
Though nere so faire, must be allow'd by them,  
Or given for light.

*Aug.* But is she stiled Queen?

*Pho.* Yes, by that frantick fool, old *Pertinax*  
Her jealous Husband, whose malignant eye  
Reads rank Adultery in a harmlesse smile,  
And continues friendly mirth, and faire deportment.

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No lesse then Whoredome, and a crime that's fit  
To suffer an Aspect more grim then death.

*Trip.* Such looks as his are sowre enough to fright  
*Diana* from her chastity : And who  
Ere canoniz'd *Kettreena* for a Saint ?  
Or took the King for more then flesh and bloud ?

*Aug.* There's something in the wind, that here of late  
The King is more estrang'd in his behaviour  
Then he was wont ; His language more reserv'd ;  
His thoughts so various, that an easie eye  
May read some alteration in his brest,  
I fear, I'm wrong'd.

*Pho.* Madam, let not such thoughts  
Possesse your fancy, or disturb your peace :  
*Evaldus* is a Prince too noble, and too just  
To be surpriz'd by any eyes, but yours,  
The only stars whereby his fortunes sayle.

*Aug.* But has he Knighted *Pertenax* ?

*Trip.* Yes Madam,  
And whispering joy in his new Ladies eare,  
He seal'd it with a kisse, which *Pertenax*  
Could not digest, but straight brake out in flames  
At old *Artesio's* House, where he was late  
Received as a self-invited Guest.

*Aug.* 'Twas kindly done : *Evaldus* has his end ;  
Fire will want heat when beauty lacks a friend. *Exeunt.*

*Eval:* *Bellar:* *Pallad:* *Museus,* *Artesio,*  
*Formidon,* *Comodus,* *Kettreena.*

*Evald.* Let's hear no more on't.  
Come, sheath up your swords,  
And as ye love my quiet and your owne,  
Let's hear no more on't. What ? have I three sons,  
And nere a wife one ? Ye are both too blame

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To raise such Tumults, and to sow these seeds  
 Of factious discords in our settled State.  
 Away ! Each one to his Command : For you  
*Bellario*, and *Palladius*, we shall find  
 A speedy way to let you understand  
 Whose is the Birth-right ; and since the pleased Fates  
 Have made so little difference betwixt you  
 By your twin-birth, in your Aspects and marks  
 Doe you the like in your united hearts  
 Till time and our best care shall bring to light  
 Our true Successour in our doubtfull throne  
 Stand both contented, And let your contentions  
 Find out no object, but obedience.  
 And you *Museus*, whose unrivall'd thoughts  
 Have pitcht their Territories, far more safe  
 Where you enjoy more happinesse, more rest  
 Then he that wept for want of Worlds to win,  
 Whose boundlesse limits, and more vast confines  
 Extend from th' Artick to th' Antartick Pole,  
 And in the Closet of thy Contemplation,  
 Canst sit and blow new Worlds like bubbles ; then  
 Demolish and dissolve them at thy pleasure,  
 Advise thy factious Brothers : Let them know  
 That Birth-right which they strive for can but make  
 A King at best, and fill their Armes with Ayre ;  
 Their Lives with dangers, and their Crowne with care.

*Mus.* Sir,

I'll doe my best t' advise.

*Bel. & Pal.* And we t' obey.

*Bel.* Crownes are too great,

*Pal.* For breath to blow away. *Exeunt Bell. & Pal.*

*Ewald.* *Artesio*, say, what discontents have rais'd  
 These clouds, that over-cast thy chearfull brow,

And

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And make sad weather in *Kettreeena's* face ?

*Art.* My age, most gracious Sovereigne can expect  
Small sun-shine in this world : My wasted years  
Find little relish in these worldly toys :

*Evald.* Chear up *Artesio*, If our favours can  
Quicken thy joyes, and make thy times more sweet  
Thou shalt not want them ; We shall bend our care  
For thy advancement, and thy Childrens good.  
But say, *Artesio*, what disastrous evill  
Hath stamp't thy looks with these late sad impressions ?  
*Kettreeena*, tell me, for thine eye appears  
An equall sharer in his silent tears ?

*Ket.* Most ex'lent Prince, my Fathers tender care  
And dear affection, looking on my merits  
With multiplying Glasses, and conceiving  
All happinesse too little for my heart,  
Thinks ( though perchance without just ground ) that I  
Receive not those sweet comforts, that should spring  
From the blest bounty of conjugall love :  
But I lesse conscious of my own deserts.  
Complain not of my fortunes ; but joy, rather  
To find the sweet indulgence of a Father.

*Art.* O that these cursed fingers had been struck  
With a dead Palsie when I tied that knot,  
And these gold-blinded eyes when they survey'd  
His vast possessions, had been stricken blind :  
Poore Girle !

*Eval.* But how can *Pertenax* devise  
To wrong such patience ? On what just ground  
Can he pretend to build the least distast ?

*For.* Upon her noted Virtue, by which light  
His ugly vices doe appear more bright.

*Com.* Which then reflecting on his conscious soule  
Affrights.



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Affrights him into madnesse, who, enrag'd  
Flies in the very face of all desert.

*Evald.* Well, good *Artesio*, what's not past our help  
Shall be redrest, We'l paliate the disease  
We cannot cure, and with our favours strive  
To hide the wrinkles of curst Fortunes brow.  
In which respects, *Artesio*, we are pleas'd  
To make thee our chief Doctor to attend  
On our owne person; likewise for the trust  
Repos'd in thy fidelity, we make,  
And choose thee here a Counsellour of State.  
Thee *Formidon* for thy sweet *Rosias* sake  
*Artesio's* Daughter, we appoint and choose  
Attourney-Generall for our Royall Causes:  
Thee *Comodius* the Master of our Mint.

*Omnes.* Long live *Evaldus* our most gracious Lord  
And Master.

*Exeunt.*

*Evald.* Go *Musens*, see them sworne.  
*Kettreena*, stay, we have a word t' exchange:  
Sit down *Kettreena*: Here's an empty Chaire  
Invites thy presence; Come, why com'st thou not?

*Kett.* Most gracious Sovereigne, That's a seat not fit  
For Subjects; Sir, be pleas'd to lay commands  
My duty may not blun to execute.

*Evald.* Lay by your Complements, *Kettreens*, Come  
Repose by us; We'l warrant our Commands.

*Kett.* Excuse me Sir, and let this bended knee  
(A posture far more fit) attend your pleasure.

*Evald.* Nay, rise *Kettreena*: Something tels my heart  
Thou art too blame: Sit here;  
We'll have it so.

*Sits downe.*

So, now *Kettreena*, time and place conspire  
To give advantage to my long desire.

Shall



Shall I not seem too curious to propound  
A harmlesse question, to thy private care?

*Kett.* In confidence, your grace will not command  
Beyond my power and honour, I obey.

*Evald.* Then tell me sweet *Kettreene*, and tell true,  
Had peevish *Portenax* the maiden-head  
Of thy Affection; did thy heart nere flame  
Untill his amorous Bellows blue the fire?

*Kett.* Sir, were it not too high presumption to enquire  
The cause of your Command——

*Evald.* Nay, blush not Lady. 'Tis nor sin nor shame  
To tell the secrets of so sweet a flame.

That blush has half resolv'd me; what remains  
To clear my doubt, let thy faire words produce.

*Kett.* Sir, wer't a Sin, my Sin would not despair  
That have my Sovereigne to my Confessour:

Sir, I was nere so wise above my Sex  
To blast Affections blossome in her spring.

Nor yet so nicely foolish to deny  
That passion which has conquer'd more then I.

*Evald.* Liv'd there a Soule subjected to our Crowne,  
So blest in his deservings, as to find

So great a favour at *Kettreene's* eyes?

*Kett.* Sir, may your Subjects flourish with desert  
To merit such a Prince, but——

*Evald.* But, but what? Speak on *Kettreene*.

*Kett.* Let your Grace  
Excuse my blunt abruption.

*Evald.* Come, speak out,  
Thy full perfection can no way admit

Imperfect languages. Say on; but what?

*Kett.* But, 'twas no subject, gracious Prince of yours  
Thar first enthralld my heart.

*Evald.*

*Evald.* What was he then ?  
 Was he some foraine Prince in a disguise  
 That came to rob our land of such a prize ?  
 Tell me *Ketreena*, if thou dar'st repose  
 So great a secret in *Evaldus* brest.  
 What was he for a man ? Of what condition ?  
 From whence ? What were his fortunes ? his Allies ?

*Kett.* Most gracious Soveraign, what, or whence he was  
 I cannot well relate : So many years  
 Have pass'd since then, that my remembrance may  
 Well plead her frailty : Whatsoere he was,  
 A Pilgrims weed eclips'd him.

*Evald.* Could thy heart make a sad Pilgrim  
 Th' object of thy love ?

*Kett.* Sir, I was then but young, and my affection  
 Could find no Tutor but her owne desires  
 Which curb'd my nonag'd reason, with a hand  
 Too too severe for counsell to withstand.

*Evald.* I wonder how a Pilgrim durst attempt  
 So strong a taske ! upon what hopefull grounds  
 Could he presume to build his vain desire ?

*Kett.* The ground of Love is love : And the direction  
 Which meer affection takes, is meer affection.

*Evald.* How long *Ketreena* since thy soft desire  
 Relented first at thy bold Pilgrims fire ?

*Kett.* Fates bleste the token : Even that very year  
 Your highnesse first set happy footing here  
 To tie that blest, that royall knot between  
 Your sacred self, and our as sacred Queen.

*Evald.* But did that Pilgrim never since appear  
 Discover'd to thine eye ?

*Kett.* Great Sir, mine ear  
 Was never since made happy with the newes

That

## *The Virgin Widow.*

17

That he is living, for whose sake I wear  
These weeds of mourning: True, the great desire  
Of my wel-being urg'd my Fathers heart  
To match me to a wealthy discontent,  
But my Obedience thwarted my Affection,  
And made me prisoner to a secret vow,  
Which I have kept as spotlesse as my name.

*Evald.* Has not thy Mariage-bed dissolv'd that vow.

*Kett.* Although I live sad *Pertenax* his Wife,  
Yet shall I prove his Virgin when I die.

*Evald.* Tell me *Kettreena*, do'st thou know this Ring?  
Why do'st thou start *Kettreena*? Do'st thou know't?  
What meanes these teares?

What meanes this change of weather?  
Tell me, *Kettreena*, do'st thou know this Ring?

*Kett.* Sir, too too well, And in this Ring I read  
The secret story of my Pilgrims death:  
Heavens rest and all my joyes be with him; Sir,  
He was too good to live, and wretched I  
A slave to life, not good enough to die.

*Evald.* Come, come, *Kettreena*, let those pretious drops  
Forbear to trickle: Come, thy Pilgrim lives.  
And fares no worse then I: I am the man.

*Kett.* Abuse me not great Prince: O punish not  
My rude (but yet obedient) boldnesse thus:  
Deride not her whom fortune hath deprest,  
And hath a loyall, though a troubled brest.

*Evald.* 'Tis I that was that Pilgrim, and disguis'd  
Wandred this land (whose Crowne I was fore-told  
By our Chaldean Prophet should be set  
Upon my Temples) and directed to  
*Artesio's* house; I found that very face  
His Glasse presented to my wandering eyes

In viewing thee, whom he mistook as Queen,  
And read my Regall fortunes in thy love;  
Adding this prophesie, as yet untold,

She that gives thee the first Ring  
Shall crown thy head, and make thee King.

This is that Ring, which given thou drop'dst a tear,  
And whisper'dst thus: This Ring is Cupid's Sphere.  
'Twas I, to whose safe trust thou didst repose  
A secret, which this tongue shall nere disclose;  
These were the lips which gave thee that advice,  
My judgment thought most fit, and thine approv'd.

*Ket.* I am convinc'd dread Sovereigne, and amaz'd,  
My trembling heart's surpriz'd 'twixt joy and fear.

*Evald.* Fear not *Kettrina*, I am still the same,  
And so art thou, excepting this alone:  
Thou found'st a Crosse, and I have gain'd a Crown,  
Which I'll renounce, and call no longer mine  
When it shall cease to advance both thee and thine:  
And for a Pledge, we tender on our part  
Our royall hand, with it a reall heart.

*Ket.* Your hand's enough great Prince; as for the rest  
I'm not ambitious now.

*Evald.* Be not deceiv'd  
My sweet *Kettrina*, there's no dregs of lust  
Defiles that bosome thou so lear'nt to trust:  
'Tis fair and spotlesse, and contrives no end  
But what may merit to divine a friend.

*Ket.* I question not; And for that heart, return  
A heart (though far unquall, yet) shall burn  
With equall fires.

*Evald.* And let *Kettrina* know  
Nor time, nor fortunes shall have pow'r to show  
The shadow of a change: And mark how long

*The Virgin Widow.*

19

Times hower-glasse shall measure out my daies.

Ent. *Augusta, Phenilla, Trippit.*

Till then——

But hold ! The Queen prevents the rest.

How now my dear *Augusta* ? Art thou come

To give's a visit ? Love, 'tis kindly done.

*Aug.* I fear my Lord the King, my blunt accessse

Hath given the privacies of your discourse

Too quick a period.

*Evald.* No, no my dear,

At thy approach, all businesse does appear

Like pale-fac'd stars before the rising Sun.

*Aug.* Madam *Ketereena*, I must give you joy.

*Kett.* Me joy, most excellent Princess !

Pray, for what ?

*Aug.* Nay, never blush : I say, I wish you joy.

*Kett.* I thank your Grace, Be pleas'd to say, wherein.

*Aug.* Of your new Ladiship : Come, now you know.

What ayles my Lord the King ? Are you not well ?

*Evald.* Why ? dear *Augusta*.

*Aug.* Cause ye look so pale,

Your colour's gone into *Ketereenas* cheeks ;

But are you well indeed ? I wish you joy, too.

*Evald.* Thanks sweet *Augusta* : Tell me dear of what ?

*Aug.* Of your new Servants that you made to day.

But I transgresse : My Lord, the King, Farewell.

*Evald.* What haste *Augusta* ? We'll together hence.

*Aug.* Madam *Ketereena*—— *Offers the place*

*Kett.* Lord ! what means your Grace ?

*Aug.* Excuse me Madam——pray——

*Kett.* Your Highnesse now

Make me ridiculous.

*Aug.* You'l wrong your self—

*Exeunt.*

## A C T. II. S C E N. I.

*Quack*, reading a Bill.**M**istresse *Penelope Trippits* Bill, *April 20.*

For 2 ounces of Sytrop of Savin, and keeping her counsell--0--13s-4d.

Item for one ounce and a half of surfling Water-----0--7--6.

Item for a glasse of the best Mercury- }  
water, and a box of *Pemation*----- } 0--6--8.

Item for 2 ounces of Talk-----0--2--2.

*Master Lustybloods* Bill, *June 9.*

For a Sweating Chaire-----0--10--0

For a Purge-----0--3--4.

Item for the same again-----0--5--4.

Item for Turpentine Pills-----0--3--2.

Item for a Diet drinke-----0--10--0.

Item for a Serynge-----0--2--6.

Item for fluxing his body-----0--12--0.

Item for 2 peany-worth of *Discordium*-----0--1--1.*Summ. tot.***A** pretty Reck'ning !

As I am a virtuous 'Pothecary, I know not how to subsist. Here's all that's comming to me, and that's not to be expected till Christmas, if paid then. Gentlemen, I am in a very skirvy case. *Artesio* has turn'd me out of his service, and I must break. What shall I doe ? I must play the good Fellow abroad, and then my Wife plaies the Devill at home. How can the one be maintain'd ? or the other endured ? I have pawn'd already her *Tuffrassy* Peticore and all her Child-bed-linnen, besides



fides two tiffiny Aprons, and her bearing-cloth, for which I have had already two curtame Lectures, and a black and blue eye. But stay! my fatten Dublet had yet a good glosse, and her silk mohaire Petticote and Wastcote will make a good show in a Country Church. Nay, my credit will yet passe in *Bucklers-berry* for five pounds worth of Commodity, which with the help of a gold Night-cap, a few conjuring words and a large conscience will go far, and set me up in a Market towne, where I may passe for a *Padua* Doctor: 'Tis but Italia-nating my name, garb, language, and habit, and then *Seignior Quackquinto* may practice as safely, kill as ignorantly and innocently as *Artesio* himselse, or any Doctor in the King's Dominions. And when my Name is once but rais'd upon the wings of popularity, the better sort will hold it disparagement to their judgments not to magnifie *Quackquinto*, and rather not be sick at all, then to be counsell'd by *Quackquinto*; Every disease will call upon *Quackquinto*. If any foolish Lord be sick of a Plurisie of Gold, who must be sent for but the Italian Doctor, *Seignior Quackquinto*? If any love-sick Lady would take a Pill to purge mellancholly, who must be sought to but the Italian Doctor, *Seignior Quackquinto*? And then so honourable will the Name of the Italian Doctor be, that he's not fashionably sick that will not advise with *Seignior Quackquinto*. But the way to proceed is not to stay here.

*Exit.*

*Musens.*

So,

Let their ambitions clime and shake the tree,  
When the fruit falls 't may chance to fall to me:  
I'll stand below and watch; They seldome fall  
That keep their Stations, and not clime at all:



*The Virgin Widow.*

Low fortunes find most rest, abide most sure,  
 When lofty Cedars shake, Shrubs stand secure :  
*Bellarmino* will be Prince : *Palladius*, he  
 Assumes the self-same Title: Both will be  
*Ervaldis* Heires, both Kings, both joyntly scorn  
 The stile of Subject : Both will be first-borne :  
 I, let them jarre ; And let the golden Apple  
 Remain still doubtfull ; Let them grasp and grapple :  
*Museus*, stand thou Neuter : Oft 'tis known,  
 When two Dogs fight, the third does catch the bone.

*Exit.**Rosia, Marina, Quisquilla.*

*Ros.* Had I imagin'd *Ketreenas* Ladiship had been no worse, I should have made bold to owe her this visit a day longer.

*Ma.* For any thing I see, she may live til all her friends be weary of her. *Quisquilla*, what brought thee thither? Did her Ladiship send for thee to watch?

*Quis.* Truly, I heard she was very ill, and when I came, I found her very ill.

*Ma.* Some Quahn ! May be she's breeding of a young Prince.

*Ros.* Or sick of an old Knight : Methought she lookt very previsibly : If he'd but drop out of the way a little, she'd be well enough.

*Quis.* Nay, indeed, they say, if Ladies, be not (as it were) sick once a fortnight, they forfeit their Honour.

*Ma.* Why, then, *Quisquilla*, thou thinks she's but a little sick of course.

*Ros.* Introth then, our visit is sutable to her disease.

*Ma.* For my part, if her Ladiship had been sick to the heart I should ha visited her with a better heart ; But firrah, I believe our welcome was as hearty as our visit.

*Quis.*

*Quis.* Truly, I believe you had been more welcome if you had staid two minutes longer.

*Ros.* Prithce, why Sirrah?

*Quis.* Nothing, but only her Maid could not find the perfuming Pan, to take away the smell of the—

*Ma.* Of the what? Prithce *Quis.* what was the matter? I know by thy simpring, thou hast some Roguery at thy tongues end.

*Ros.* Prithce *Quis.* out with it.

*Quis.* Shall I? but as I live, ye must say nothing. When she first heard of your coming, her Ladiship was heartily tugging a piece of sod Bacon, and fearing ye would come up a little too soon, as in truth ye did, her Maid for haste hiding it under the bed, it slipt into the chamber-pot.

*Ma.* The best that ever I heard, She should ha thrown a few oynions after't, and stued it for the old Knight,

*Quis.* 'T had been good enough for such an old miserable hound, to allow a sick Lady so course a diet.

*Ros.* Sirah, we have Husbands bad enough, but not so bad.

*Ma.* Gramercy good Wives, that won't be such fools to endure it. *Quisquilla*, I think thy Husband is no Saint neither. Is he?

*Quis.* Yes, of the Devils canonizing, Would I had been hang'd the first bower he saw me.

*Ros.* Why? what's the matter, *Quis*?

*Quis.* What? All that he gets he spends, and all he can find he pawns: Yesterday, he broke open my chest and pawn'd all my child-bed linnen, and to day my Taffary petticoat, and my best purl'd Gorget, and to make up the matter, he hath plaid such pranks that the Doctor has

has turn'd him out of his service.

*Ma.* Why do'st not discipline him?

*Quis.* Discipline him? If I counsell him, he stands like an Ass and casts up his ugly gray eyes: If I ring him a peal he flights me with his silence, and that which vexes me to the heart, stands and whistles. But if I live till to morrow, for I know he'l come in drunk to night, I'll whistle him, y' faith I wil; I'll make him know what 'tis to whistle a Wife, the longest howre he has to live, y' faith I will.

*Res.* A G.rle worth Gold.

*Mar.* Come, lead away, let's go.

*Quis.* She's a meer fool, that sometimes is no Shrow.

*Exeunt.*

*Quack, Lactusia.*

*Quack.* As I live and hope to be a Doctor, 'twas for nothing in the universall world but for killing a rich Patient of his a little before his time.

*Lact.* That was a poor thing to turn away an old Servant for, especially a man of your profession.

*Quack.* 'Twas nothing else as I am virtuous. Nay more, He was a slow Pay-master too, and took Phisick upon the Ticker. Ah Madam, had he conniv'd a little, I had clearly gain'd a hundred Marks by his death.

*Lact.* How?

*Quack.* His younger Brother, a fine Gentleman, laid me a hundred Marks he would live till our Lady-day. Alas! I did no more for a considerable summe then my Doctor has done a hundred times for nothing; I'm sure I have been a gainfull Servant to him, and that he knows right well. But the truth is, he has no more conscience with him then the dog has: How often have I left out the chief Ingredient out of his Receipts to prolong the  
Cure

Cure for his profit? How often dropt in a Dram of a malignant quality into his Dose to make a Cure for his gain! Nay, as I am an honest man, out of my rank affection to him, at my owne cost and charges kept a brace of hot Creatures in Ordinary to help yong Gentlemen to their Diseases for his sweet sake: Had I been a knave, his Daughters had wanted many a fatten Petticote. And thus my honest dealing is requited: But 'tis no matter, There's more waies to the wood then one. I have corruption enough in me to make a Country Doctor. And 'tis no new thing to build up a new Philitian upon the ruines of an old broken 'Pothecary.

*Last.* Quack, you have a voluble tongue, and can easily work upon the ignorant multitude, I could rather with you to turn Mountebank, What think'st thou of that Quack?

*Quack.* Madam, I doubt not but I could cheat the King's liege people as plausibly as another, if the King, or any of his mad Sons would give me a License.

*Last.* As for the King, *Artesio* is in too great favour with him. But Prince *Bellarmino* will do't if you make the means.

*Quack.* Your Ladyships word in my behalf will soon be heard, for which, I shall present you with a New-years-gift a hundred Marks thick.

*Last.* I'll move his Highnesse in't. Go get a License drawn for him to signe.

*Quack.* I humbly thank your Ladyship. *Exeunt.*

*Pertenax.*

So they are fat enough, And there let 'em sterve and rot, and let their Children pick their bones. I'll not abate one single penny. Tell me of mercy? If their Wives breasts want milk, let their Children suck bloud. Their

E

Bonds

Bonds are forfeit, and I'll have ev'ry farthing ere they quit those Grates. Hoc, there within, Hoc, *Kettreena*.

[knucks.

Ent. *Kettreena*.

*Ket.* Sir, did you call?

*Pert.* O art ye come, Huffis, go fetch my Box of Obligations down, Make haste, away. [Exit *Kettreena*. Compound quoth her, I'll no compounding, Though they are beggers, they have able friends. I wonder there's no Statute to brand all Bankrupts in the forehead with a hot iron, that men may know 'em. Nature had been very provident if she had ordain'd that their flesh might ha' risen and fallen with their fortunes, that we Money-masters might have traded without broken slumbers, and ha' known a Rascall from a fat Deere.

Enter *Kett*. with a Box.

*Pert.* O art ye come, give me, give me, quickly, quickly: [looks among the Papers.

*Kett.* O that his virtues were enclosed there,  
And that his honour were but half so deare!

*Pert.* *John Havelands* Bond. 300<sup>l</sup> to pay 150 the sixt of June next: Good.

What's here? *Henry Thrift*, 400<sup>l</sup> to pay 200 the 23 of March next: and Good.

*Humphry Rich* his bond to pay the double Interest of 500<sup>l</sup> for 10 years, and lose the principall: Good.

*Quack's* Bill of Sale of a Tuffassaty Peticote, and a chest of finellinnen, at 6<sup>d</sup> per Month in the pound, That's as good as mine own already.

*Kett.* Ah poor *Quack*, Art thou come into his clutches?

*Pert.* O here 'tis, here 'tis, here 'tis, They are both come together. *Thomas Badluck*, 10<sup>l</sup> to pay 5. and *George Paile* 6<sup>l</sup> to pay 3. both forfeit, and fast enough. There's

161 good besides cost and charges, or there let 'em rot.

*Kett.* Deare Sir, let me be a Suiter for mercy upon these two.

*Pert.* Mercy! then let me never find mercy, if I show 'em any.

*Kett.* I prithee, be good to 'em. They have 15 Children between 'em, and 9 of them are Motherlesse. If they remain in prison, they must all sterue.

*Pert.* Hey, tittle tattle, tittle tattle, tittle tattle, Pray go to your Favorite the King; he'll redeem 'em for the tother kisse, or if your kisses are growne cheap, for a nights lodging. Now your Father's a privy Counsellour you'll have a glorious Pander.

*Kett.* Sir, you wrong three at once, and your self that's four, and I have a conscience that's a thousand will justify it: but I forgive ye.

*Pert.* Forgive me, ye Court Munkey! They say y'are breeding and keep your Chamber, and puke a mornings, and eat Caudels and Cordials in a corner to cherish you after your journey, And my purse must pay for all, But I'll keep you short.

*Kett.* Heaven and my Innocence comfort me: What I breed I fear you'll justly father; even that Child will make us both happy.

*Pert.* I father your Bastard! you extract of Court Impudence!

O that my hand were turn'd to Lyons pawes that I may tear thee to bits.

*Kicks her and falls.*

Murther, murther, murther!

*Kett.* Sir, let my arme assist ye. *helps him up.*

*Pert.* O I am murther'd! O my bonds, my bonds, my bonds! O let me once embrace ye more my deare bonds!

*taks up his Box.*



O my dear bonds.

*Kett.* Feare not, My arme shall hold you up.

*Pert.* O my legge, my legge ! O my bonds, my bonds,  
my sweet bonds ! *[leads him out. Exeunt]*

*Bellarmo.* *Quack*, with a paper in his hand, at one dore.

*Bel.* *Quack*, But I fear 'twill doe *Artesio* wrong.

*Quack* No wrong at all, my Lord : My practice lies  
Among the fooles, He deales with none but wise.

*Bel.* I, but you promise cure to their disease.

*Quack* Their many loads 'em, and we give 'em ease.

*Bel.* Why then you rob them for your own relief.

*Quack* Who takes what's freely offer'd, is no Thief.

*Bel.* But they expect Recovery of their health.

*Quack* And we accept what's much inferiour, wealth.

*Bel.* They heal your wants, you fail to help their grief.

*Quack* 'Tis true, our sense exceeds their dull belief.

*Bel.* Can then belief give help to their disease ?

*Quack* Faith in the Doctor gives the Patient, ease.

*Bel.* If these be penny-worths, he's a fool that buyes.

*Qu.* If they be fools, our pen'worths make them wise.

*Bel.* But *Quack*, I know that Mountebanks are bold,  
ignorant, and covetous, and when these three qualities  
meet and present themselves to the vulgar, who are na-  
turally confident, simple, and admirers of Novelties,  
like Flies, they'l buz about the flame till they have burnt  
their wings, nay sometimes scotch their bodies too, and  
that must not be suffer'd.

*Quack* My Lord, we Mountebanks are in that kind  
very circumspect : What we prescribe, if it doe no  
good, we are confident can doe no harme. For most  
of what we give, carries the bare name of Phisick, but  
is none.

*Bel.* Why doe ye give it then ?

*Quack*



*Quack* To cure our own diseases, and with the help of a little foolish Faith, theirs too.

*Bel.* But methinks your knavery should quickly be discover'd *Quack*, what doe ye then ?

*Quack* Why, then we flee to the next good Towne, and there we meet with fresh-fooles, where if one among a hundred hap-to be cured, he more cries up our credit, then the ninety nine can disparage it. Every Prize hath his Trumpet when thousands of Blanks are swallow'd up in silence, that others may be fool'd as well as they. Howsoever, they depart all satisfied, and I dare say, repent no more of their Sixpences, then they doe of their finnes.

*Bel.* Well *Quack*, give me thy paper. Once for old *Lactusia's* sake, I'll be accessary to a piece of knavery.

*[Signes the License, & Exit.]*

*Qu.* Thanks noble Lord, y<sup>e</sup> are principall in my esteem. Now *Quack*, skrue up thy brains: Provide thee A fit Man, and him a fit Habit, And oyle thy tongue, that it may neatly cosen Poor Country-fools as they draw doves, by th'dozen.

*Augusta, Lactusia, Trippit.*

*Lactusia*, I'de have it made up into a Potion, and so convey'd to her. Canst-a make a Composition ?

*Lact.* An't please your Grace, He doe my best, but dare not warrant the present working of it. I ha' poyson'd many a Rat, but my practice lies no further.

*Aug.* Art acquainted with no Pothecary, that will take an Annuity of a hundred Mark to doe the feat ?

*Lact.* Now I think on't, I have one fit for the purpose, a man of a desperate fortune, that will bite at such a Baite. *Cornelius Quack*, lately Pothecary to *Artesio*, who is about to get a License to be a Mountebank.

*Aug.* I'll grant it him, But will he be secret ?  
Where is he ?

*Last.* I met him just now.

*Aug.* Go find him, And if he entertain the motion,  
bring him hither.

*Last.* I know no fitter man.

*Exit.*

*Aug.* But *Trippit*, In whose name shall we send it to her ?

*Trip.* No better then in her Fathers, He being a Doctor,  
and she ( as I heare ) at this time not well, may send it as  
Phisick to be taken presently.

*Aug.* Had *Quack* contemned her Fathers Pothecary  
it would ha' done well, but having left his service, it will  
breed suspision.

*Trip.* What if it should be sent in a Bottle of Greek-  
wine, as a token from one of her Sisters ?

*Aug.* I believe there's no such correspondency be-  
tween 'em, And besides, Wine of that nature will break  
the Glasse ; and make discovery.

[*Ent. Last. & Quack whispering.*

What think'st thou of counterfeiting a kind Letter from  
*Evaldus*, which shall intimate his notice of her sicknesse,  
and that he hath sent her one of his own Cordials, wish-  
her for his sake ; to drink it fasting ?

*Trip.* Your Highnesse has hit it. And he may adde, that  
he hath drunk her health in the same, which may the bet-  
ter indure her to pledge it. It will be a way beyond all  
exception.

*Aug.* Look, here's a Letter pend to the same purpose,  
read softly.

*Quack.* Madam, teach a Miller to be a Thief ; If I  
doe not like a workman, let my wages be thereafter.

*Last.* Madam, here's the man I recommended to your  
Highnesse.

*Aug.*

*Aug.* Bring him near, *[kisses her hand.]*  
You are acquainted with the business?

*Quack.* Yes an't please your Grace, and am ready to perform it.

*Aug.* Let the Cordiall be made of sudden execution, And convey it to her with this Letter.

*Lett.* Will your Highnesse be pleas'd to signe this his License to practice Physick and Chirurgery in your Majesties Dominions.

*Aug.* Trippit, keep both the License and the Letter, and put us in mind to signe the one, and seale the other, Let's away. Fellow, be silent, sudden and circumspect.

*Quack.* Your Grace will beare me out in't.

*Aug.* Doubt it not. *[Exeunt. murre, Quack.]*

*Quack.* So, now my License will have Authority enough.

A hundred Marks a year besides, and the Queens Servant?

Ile venture a hanging upon these tearms at any time.

Enter *Quisquilla*.

*Quis.* Come,  
Art thou there? Hah!

Must my fury await your pleasure!

Must my sweet revenge attend your leisure?

Have I nothing else to doe, but to sigge from place, from Taverne to Taverne, from corner to corner? Must I be still yawling, and calling, and banling for you whilst y<sup>e</sup> are rambling, and roving, and roaming, and potting, and piping, and striveling and snivelling! Am I born to trot after you? to wait upon your tail: or else like a fool, sit moaping at home, with neither clothes to my back, nor meat for my belly, nor a penny in my purse?

*Quack.* So now the Game begins.

*Quisq.*

*Quisq.* Must I be thus slighted, and scorn'd, and contemn'd, and undone by a Runnagate, a Sneap-nose, a thin-gut? Must I daunce attendance after such a shotten herring as you? be a slave to such a Sot as you? such a Bul-pated Milk-sop as you? You a Citizen! you a Trades-man! you a Husband! you a Companion for Gentlemen! mary, come up! You must be pranked up in your Satten Doublet, when I ha' scarce a Smock to my back, nor a Shoe to my foot, nor a Tatter to my tayle, nor a hot bit to put into my belly, from Sunday to Sunday.

*Quack.* Heyday, heyday, heyday!

*Quisq.* And heyday, and heyday, and heyday too; Go heyday your base Trulls, your three-half-peny draggel-tayl'd Queanes, that can endure your heydayes, and your mocks, and your mowes, and your taunts for an ounce of Coventree-blue.

*Quack.* As I went to *Walsingham*.

[*whistles*

*Quisq.* Go, ye weasel-snouted, addle-pated, buzzle-headed, splatter-footed Moon-calf. Go whistle your Dogs, and your flap-mouth'd Whores, that ye carried to the Tap-house, and then ran away and left them to pay for the Reck'ning, when they follow'd ye, and rung ye by th' eares, till they made ye roar like your Mother, when she was delivered of such a coxcomby Booby as you.

*Quack.* So, is all out now?

*Quisq.* Go, go ye Sycophant, the dregs of the suburbs, that can murder a Patient for the hopes of a hundred Marks, and then be turn'd out of service for your paines. O how my fingers itch, to set their marks upon those meager Cheeks of thine! But you Sir know, I have all your Villanies upon the score,

[*claps here hands*  
and

and at the next offence,  
I'll call ye to Accompt, and if ye bauke me, then  
I ranake ye out, and make ye understand  
The sharp-nail'd language of *Quisquillo's* hand.

*Exit*

*Quack* It is some comfort yet  
I find a warning ere I feel the fit.

*Exit*

*Palladius, Bellarmo, Muscus.*

*Pal.* I scorn your words, *Bellarmino*; My spirit flies  
As high a pitch as yours, have every whit  
As good blood in my veins as you.

*Mus.* Nay good *Bellarmino*.

*Bel.* I, to keep for wanton Ladies.

*Pal.* No, to spend in a just cause.

*Mus.* Nay good *Palladius*.

*Bel.* Come, come, ye dare not.

*Pal.* Provoke me not.

*Bel.* I dare thee to thy face.

*Mus.* Nay, what d'ye mean?

*Pal.* Meet me with your Horse and Sword.

*Bel.* I will: To morrow expect to heare from me the  
time and place.

*Exeunt.*

*Mus.* So, now it works like wax: Whilst they prepare  
To beat the bush, my hound may catch the Hare.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

*Phonilla.*

There's old whispering between them. Pray heav'n  
they be not hatching of a Cockatrice's egge. Look  
where they come.

*Ent. Ang. Laet. Trippit.*

*Ang.* Where's *Phonilla* all this day?

*Pho.* Here Madam.

F

*Ang.*

*Aug.* O are ye there? My heart's much oppress'd with melancholly! Come *Phemila*; Sing the Song, the King likes so well.

*Song.*

How blest are they that waite their weary howers  
In solemne Groves, and solitary Bowers,

Where neither eye, nor eare,

Can see, or heare,

The frantique mirth,

And false delights of frolique earth;

Where they may sit, and pant,

And breathe their purisy souls,

Where neither Grief consumes, nor griping want

Afflicts, nor sullen Care controuls.

Away false joyes, ye murder where ye kisse:

There is no heav'n to that; No life to this.

*Aug.* Truth, sweetly sung. Come, let's away. *Exeunt*

*Performs with a Letter, and Cup.*

Murther will out: A Letter, and a silver Cup!

To the fair hands of the most honourable Lady, the La-

dy *Montecorne* these. Good. So much for the preface,

Now to the business. *Opens the Letter and reads:*

The ill Construction of our loves, enforces me to whis-  
per my Affection in the Sympathie of thy sufferings:  
Cheare up, and let thy courage for a while beare what  
present time cannot remedy. Receive this Cordiall, as a  
deare pledge of my love, and a certaine meanes of thy  
health: It will restore thy wasted spirits, and wind up  
the plumes of thy weaken'd Constitution. It will fill  
thy heart with mirth, and bones with marrow, whose  
wellfare is the studious care of

Thy *Evaluus*.

*Evaluus?*



*Evaldus* ? So now 'tis our. Hah ! does the Jade begin to tyre ? Must her Plummets be wound up ? Nay, It shal ha my Blessing too, I had a dose of Arnpick [*feels in's pocket*]. But 'tis gone. Well, if I cannot make it fit for her, the King has made it fit for me: Let me see [*peruses the Letter*]. 'Twill fill thy heart with mirth, and bones with marrow. Good ! Mirth and Marrow, and a silver Cup, three good Commodities ! First Ile up with this. So Now Ile up with that [*drinks, puts up the Cup in's pocket*].  
*Evaldus*, we thank ye. *Kettreene*, we thank ye, Health and wealth's a double purchase.

Enter *Kettreene*.

*Kett*. Sir, if mine eyes may nor be made partakers of the Kings Message, make my cares happy with your Relation.

*Pert*. D'ye want Rectory ? Are the plummets of your soule downed ? Does your heart want mirth ? or your bones marrow ?

*Kett*. Sir, What meane ye ?

*Pert*. Most honourable Lady, to cut your throat : Away ye Strumpet.

*Kett*. Sir, will you be pleased

*Pert*. To sit your nose : Avoid my sight [*Exit Kett*].  
O what ayle I ! In the name of Gold what ayle my bowels thus to gripe ? Oh ! Her very breath's a Purge ; Her eyes are Grana does, and have set my bloud on fire. I burne like Hell : My liver scorches. My heart is in a fornace, O water, water, water ! O, for a Crust of Ice, that I may gnaw and coole my flaming tongue ! Oh, my leggs begin to faile, I faint, I faint, I faint ! Oh that this earth were snow that I might route, and roule, and roule ! Where are ye o my bags, my blessed bags ! help me, o help me my deare bags. Oh, will ye suffer me to

be thus tormented ! What are ye deafe now ? are ye dumb ? Take, take away the Witch ; she comes, she comes, she comes to pinch me with hot Irons, & fills my veynes with boyling lead. O the Witch, the Witch, the Witch, the Witch.

*Languishes. dies.*

*Enter Kettreena.*

*Kett.* What ? false asleep ! How miserable is poore *Kettreena* that has no happineffe but then ! How well quietnesse becomes him ! He lies very still ; He was wont to snort, that th' whole house was witnesse of his flumbers, I'm loath to wake him.

I'm affraid he's dead. Sir, Sir, Sir.

*[jogs him]*

Oh, he's dead ! He's dead ! He's dead ! *[Ent. Comodus utterly dead, dead for ever.]*

*Com.* Deare Sister, what's the matter ?

*Kett.* O he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !

*Com.* Nay, sweet Sister, have patience.

*Kett.* Oh, woe is me, that I have liv'd to see this heavy hower !

*Com.* Pray Sister be patient, you wrong your self too much.

*Kett.* I care not, so long as I never wrong'd him. Oh my deare Husband is dead, and I am undone, undone for ever !

*Com.* Come, pray Sister leave the roome, and take some comfort ; Your teates cannot recall him.

*Kett.* No, no, I'll never leave him ; I'll never leave him thus.

*Com.* Come, come, let me perswade ye. Nay come, good Sister.

*Kett.* Then let me take my last farewell : Deny me not that good Brother.

*kisses him.*

I hope he's happier far then I.

*Exeunt*

*Ent.*

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Ent. *Quack. Quibble, at one dore.*

*Quack* Conscience ! What tell'st thou me of Conscience ? Conscience, and Commodity, are two severall Trades : If thou keep the one, the other will scarce keep thee. Conscience, quoth her ? I cry my stars mercy. There's a word indeed ! You a Mountebanks man ! You a hang-man-as soon. Tell me of Conscience ?

*Quib.* I beseech you, Sir, excuse me. 'Twas but a hasty word let slip, before I was aware.

*Quack* He that's my servant must forget to blush,  
Must teach his ready lips to mouthe an oath,  
Must have a daring brow, hatcht ore with brasse ;  
Must have a smooth-fac'd tongue, that has the Art  
To cloath a naked Lie with robes of Truth ;  
And learne to work upon the easie faith  
Of the believing Multitude : He must be bold  
And plausible, and captivate the eare  
With lines of wit ; And with some bugbeare words  
Of seeming Art, must fright their understandings  
Into an Admiration.

Which, like a nightly Lowbell, may entice  
Th' amaz'd Plebeans to his Batfoule net.

*Quibble,* what say'st to this ?

*Quib.* Sir, if you'd be pleas'd to excuse me a little for swearing, I should do wel enough for lying. For indeed, I must confesse, swearing goes a litle against my conscience.

*Quack* More conscience yet : Come, come, ye must not Stand upon such Niceties : He that will thrive  
Must fear to act no profitable Crime :  
Almighty Gold hath power to absolve  
The evils of poverty : He may be bold  
To sin in want, that may repent in Gold.

*Quib.* Well Sir, I am resolv'd. Conscience, farewell.

And now that Blocks remov'd, *Quibble* shall undertake your faire Instructions, and approve himself a Scholar worthy of so sage a Master.

*Quack* But one thing more,  
When you shall mount my Stage  
Be sure, your lavish tongue reflect upon  
The honour of my Name: let all your words  
Ayme at my merits, and inhaunce my fame,  
Advance my Cures, And let thy tongue relate  
The greatnesse of my Patients, and rewards  
Of foraine Princes, and those powers above.

'Tis easier to believe, then to disprove.

*Quib.* It is enough: If *Quibble* undertake,  
And fail, trust neither foole nor knave for *Quibble's* sake.  
*Exeunt, severall dores.*

*Lactusia, Trippit.*

*Lact.* The Queen's extremely discontent, that her designs have fall'n so croffe.

*Trip.* Who can help it?

*Lact.* This is the fruit of Jealousie; had not that peevish foole been jealous of *Kestreena*, My conscience tells me this had never been.

*Trip.* Nay, to see the old foole must needs run upon his owne death, and not suffer her to die, whose death he so desired!

*Lact.* Well, 'twas the first time that I was ever engag'd in such a business, and shall be the last.

*Trip.* Nay, to see the Luck on's, The counterfeited Letter was found in *Pentheus's* his pocket, and may discover all.

*Lact.* But my feare is, that *Quack* will be examin'd, and then all will out.

*Trip.* No; *Quack* did wisely deliver his Message in a disguise

disguise; can he but keep his owne counsell, all may be well. In the mean while, I have given out that *Kestreena* had a hand in the businesse, which perchance may prove an after-game, and strengthen'd with report may leave her to the Law.

*Exeunt*

*Evald. Artesio, Formid: Comodus.*

*Evald.* I send a Letter and a Cordiall! I'm abus'd.

*Art.* It appeares, the mischief was meant to *Kestreena*, Sir.

*Evald.* But heav'n protected her: Who brought the Letter and the Potion?

*For.* The Messenger was a Stranger, Sir.

*Evald.* How habited?

*Com.* Sir, like a Cavalier, in a flasket Suit, a black Lock, And a gilt Rapier, down to his heels.

*Evald.* We'l make a strict enquiry; Such murder will not long lie smother'd. But how does poor *Kestreena* take it?

*Com.* Exceeding heavily Sir, And the worse, that some base tongues would make her accessary.

*Evald.* My soule acquits her. *Artesio*, let her know, we'l visit her to-morrow. Bid her from me cheare up; Upon my honour I'll not rest, till she be righted.

*Art.* Heav'n blisse your Highnesse.

*Evald.* 'Tis certain, there's a challenge pass'd betwixt *Bellarmo*, and *Palladius*: I feare the unhappy difference concerning the Birthright, will never be compos'd but by the Oracle. On Wednesday is their Birth-day, and most fit for such solemnity: *Formidon*, let proclamation be issued forth, that all the Court, upon the paine of our displeasure that day awaite the Oracle, where we in person will attend it. *Artesio*, send you warrant our self our name to the Pythian Priests to make their Preparations.

*Comodus.*

*Museus.*

So now *Museus*, If the plot hit right  
 There's but a haire 'twixt Monarchy and thee :  
 The Gap stands faire ; If thy auspicious stars  
 Light thee the way, and prosp'rous Fortune breathe  
 Successe upon thy high contriv'd designs,  
 Thy sole-commanding hand, shall grasp and sway  
 The glorious Scepter, and thy gracious Browes  
 Shall be encompass'd with th' Imperiall Crowne.  
 But stay ! What if *Palladius* should advise  
 With his soft Pillow ? what if pleading tears  
 Softly distilling from the amorous eyes  
 Of his faire Idoll should prevaile and turne  
 His martiall flames into a love-sick fire ?  
 What if the blaze of our *Bellarmino's* rage  
 ( Not having solid Fuell to maintain  
 The wastfull bounty of his lavish flames )  
 Should flake and languish, and consume it self  
 To the warme ashes of a soft accord ?

Here, here, *Museus*, thou must act thy part  
 With Care and Judgment, and ingenious Art.  
 Be circumspect ; Be studious to encrease  
 Those Fires : Their wars produce thy Peace.  
 Be thou the Bellows to advance their flame :  
 And having wisely dealt, play thus thy Game.

First baite thy hook with deep dissembled love,  
 Keep close thy Serpent, and shew them thy Dove :  
 Seem Friend to both ; Who ever fail'd his End,  
 That hammer'd treason with the hands of Friend ?  
 Feel both their pulses : If they chance to beat  
 Active and sprightly, wish, advise, entreat  
 To Peace : Perswaded fury, and stoppt streames  
 When most resisted, run to most extreames :

But



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But if their tilted spirits run too low,  
Urge Reputation, and the faith they owe  
To sacred Honour in a Princes name :  
The whet-stone of abated Valour's shame. [*Ent. Pulla.*  
But see, how pat *Palladin's* presence gives *softly, read-*  
A faire advantage to my new desires ! *ing 2. letters.*  
He stand aside, untill his serious eyes  
Have given free welcome to his paper-guests:

*Pall.* I stand betwixt two minds ! what's best to doe ?  
This bids me stay ; This spurs me on to goe.  
Once more let our impartiall eyes peruse  
Both t'one and t'other : Both may not prevaile.

*My Lord,*

**P**RIZE not your honour so much as to disprize her that honours you, in choosing rather to meet Death in the field, then Pulchrella in her desires. Give my affection leave once more to dissuade you from trying Conquest with so unequall a Foe : Or if a Combate must be tryed, make a Bed of Roses the Field, and me your Enemy. The Interest I claime in you is sufficient warrant to my desires, which according to the place they find in your Respects, confirme me either the happiest of all Ladies, or make me the most unfortunate of all women.

*PULCHRELLA.*

A Charme too strong for Honour to repress.

*Mus.* A heart too poore for Honour to possesse.

*Pall.* Honour must stoop to Vows. But what saies this?

[*Reads the other Letter.*

*My Lord,*

**T**He hand that guides this Pen, being guided by the ambition of your honour, and my owne affection, presents you with the wishes of a faithfull servant, who desires not to buy your safety with the hazard of your Reputation. Goe on

G

with

with courage, and know, *Panthea* shall partake with you in either fortune : If conquer'd, my heart shall be your Monument, to preserve and glorifie your honour'd ashes ; If a Conqueror, my tongue shall be your Herault, to proclaime you the Champion of our Sex, and the Phoenix of your own honour'd by all, equall'd by few, beloved by none more dearly then

Your owne *Panthea*.

I sayle betwixt two Rocks ! What shall I doe ?  
 What Marble melts not if *Pulchrella* wooe ?  
 Or what hard-hearted eare can be so dead,  
 As to be deafe, if faire *Panthea* plead ?  
 Whom shall I please ? Or which shall I refuse ?  
*Pulchrella* sues, and faire *Panthea* sues :  
*Pulchrella* melts me with her love-sick teares,  
 But brave *Panthea* batters downe my eares  
 With Love's Pettarre : *Pulchrellas* breast encloses  
 A soft Affection wrapt in Beds of Roses.  
 But in the rare *Pantheas* noble lines,  
 True Worth and Honour, with Affection joynes.  
 I stand even-balanc'd, doubtfully opprest,  
 Beneathe the burthen of a bivious brest.  
 When I peruse my sweet *Pulchrellas* teares,  
 My blood growes wanton, and I plunge in feares :  
 But when I read divine *Panthea's* charmes,  
 I turne all fierie, and I grasp for armes.  
 Who ever saw, when a rude blast out-braves,  
 And thwarts the swelling Tide, how the proud waves  
 Rock the drencht Pinace on the Sea-green brest  
 Of frowning *Ahimprite*, who opprest  
 Betwixt two Lords, (not knowing which t'obey)  
 Remaines a Neuter in a doubtfull way.  
 So tost am I, bound to such strait confines,  
 Betwixt *Pulchrella's* and *Panthea's* lines.

Both

Both cannot speed : But one that must prévaile.  
I stand even poys'd : an Atome turnes the scale.

*Mus.* Dar'st thou be doubtfull ? Fie, *Palladius*, fie.

*Pall.* How now ? What, is *Museus*' eare so high !

Lend me thy grave advice : Peruse these lines,  
My choice shal fix on what thy judgment signs. Reads the  
Letters  
softly.  
Reade both. Compare and judge.

*Mus.* Weigh Heaven with Hell :

Compare harsh Owles to warbling *Philomel* :  
Weigh Froth with Honour, or dejected Shame  
With the downe-weight of an illustrious Name.

*Pulchrella* wooes thee with a Syrens song ;  
But brave *Panthea*'s more Heroick tongue  
Chaunts streynes of honor : False *Pulchrella* sheds  
The teares of Crocodiles : *Panthea* treads  
High steps to triumph, where thy growing Name  
Shall stand recorded in the Rolls of Fame.

But take thy course : Th'advice is onely mine :  
Thine is the interest, as the choice is thine. Restores the  
Letters.  
This onely know, *Bellarmo*'s tongue proclames  
*Palladius* dares not fight, but with his dames.

*Pall.* The Scales are turn'd. *Panthea* lodge thou here  
Next to my heart. *Pulchrella*, lie thou there. Puts that in  
his bosome,  
teares the  
other.  
Farewell my soft embraces : Sports stand by :  
*Bellarmo*, if *Palladius* lives, shall die. *Ex.*

*Mus.* So, now it works : If either hap to fall,  
I the iole-second to both parties shall  
With my breath'd sword doe justice on the other :  
Crowns weigh no friends : Ambition knows no brother.  
Then, then, *Museus*, shall th'Imperiall Crowne  
Adorne thy sacred Temples ; and the Throne  
Of Earth's unrivall'd Majesty shall be  
Thy purchas'd Prize, posselt alone by Thee.

Then shall those golden, those forgotten dayes  
 Returne to earth: Then shall the learned Bayes  
 That wants deservvers, in this trifling Age,  
 Immortalize the Sophoclean Stage:  
 Unbroken Faith shall then forget to start,  
 And be entayl'd upon the single heart.  
 Unblemisht Loyaltie shall crowne the loves  
 Of twined soules, more innocent then Doves.  
 But stay, *Musens*! Thou forgett'st to play  
 The tother part with thy *Bellarmin*, Away:  
 Goe feele his humor: If his rage be downe,  
 Goe switch it up: Thou labour'st for a Crowne. *Ex.*

# ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

*Quibble mounting his Bank.*

*Quib.* **B**E it knowne to all men by these presents, that I  
 Jeffery Quibble, am the trusty and right well-  
 beloved servant and kinsman to the renowned,  
 famous, skilfull, learned, able, admirable, incomparable  
 Master of Phisgigge, Cornelius Quack, a man of rare  
 Qualcoms, and singular imperfections, who by his studies  
 abroad, and travells at home, through France, Spaine, Ita-  
 lie, Germany, Denmark, Poland, Finderland, Freezeland,  
 hath marvellously unbesitted himselfe with all manner of  
 Oyles, Waters, Powders, Drugs, Spirits, Balsomes, Syrops,  
 Salves, Sere-cloathes; bountifully unstor'd with all sorts of  
 Preservatives, Conservatives, Restoritives, Antidotes, for  
 all manner of Temperatures, Constitutions, Complexions;  
 Richly unfurnisht with all kind of Prescrips, Decerts, and  
 all other rare Impediments belonging to a man of his De-  
 function, who to the great dimolishment of this Towne, and  
 be-

benefice of this Incorruption, hath redressed himselfe to you, and here sets up his Banck, offering health to the imperfermity of your bodies, soundnesse to the impudencie of your limbs, and present cure to your outward Mallanders, and inward exturbances. And for your farther satisfaction of his deficiencie in this kind, Behold his-Licence under the hands of her most Excellent Majestie, and Bellarmo her illustrious sonne; which, when occasion shall require it, shall be shewne, to the honour of my renowned Master, Cornelius Quack, and his pragmaticall servant Jeffery Quibble.

But to the purpose, Gentlemen: It may be you will think me more knave then foole, And may be so I am: And now perchance you'l say I'm both by my owne confession: And may be I am so too. Artesio my old Master made me a knave, and my new Master hath made me a foole: And so he'll doe ye all before h'as done with ye. Which that he may the better doe, have patience a while.

Drawes a Curtaine,  
and discovers his  
shop furnisht.

Gentlemen, Here's that will doe the deed. Here's Physick of all kinds, for all diseases: Salves of all natures for all sores: Medicines of all compositions, for all constitutions, colours, of all sorts, for all complexions. [Takes a box and reads.

*The costly Powder in this box*

*Cures him that's powder'd with the Pox.*

*This helps the back, and cures the Reyns;*

*Makes her weight that wants two graines.*

*The Ointment that this glasse incloses,*

*Palliats blew cheeks, and purple noses.*

*This cures the Cholick, Stone, or Wind,*

*Makes cras'd bodies belch behind.*

Reads another.

Reads another.

Reads another.

<i>This cures the carefull married life</i>	Reads another.
<i>Of that disease men call a Wife.</i>	
<i>This cleares complexion when it fades ;</i>	Reads another.
<i>Cures Falling-sicknesses in maids.</i>	
<i>This cures the twattles, and the flouts ;</i>	Takes a wand.
<i>Grumbles, fullens, and the pouts.</i>	
<i>This helps all gouts both old and young,</i>	Reads another.
<i>And cures the palsie in the tongue.</i>	
<i>This makes night-walkers keep their beds ;</i>	Reads another.
<i>Cures heavy hearts, and giddy heads.</i>	
<i>If Jack love Jone, and Jone fly back,</i>	Reads another.
<i>This powder will make Jone love Jack.</i>	
<i>If Jone love Jack, and Jack will none,</i>	Reads another.
<i>This powder will make Jack love Jone.</i>	
<i>This first and last if ye apply,</i>	Reads another.
<i>You'l nere be sick but when ye die.</i>	
<i>But this rare Quintessence such strength does give,</i>	Anoth.
<i>You'l never die so long as ere ye live.</i>	

Gentlemen, This is a rare man, (though I say't) and hath a thousand secrets more, which next market day you shall have from his owne plentifull mouth. He hath done rare cures by naturall Magick, Sympathies, and Antipathies ; But this is Heathen Greek to you : Who would have conceiv'd that Sir *Walter Raleighs* blood should have cured *Gondomors* *Fistula* in ano ? But this is likewise Greek to you : Wee'l leave these mysteries to the wise, and tell ye things according to the measure of our apprehensions.

My Master had for taking a Corne out of the great Mogulls toe, \_\_\_\_\_ 100. l. sterling.  
For strengthening the Pr: of *Orenge's* back, 1000. Gilders.  
For curing the Emperor of a Dropsie, 4000. Rx Dollers.

For



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For taking a black Cataract out of his Holinesse his left  
eye, \_\_\_\_\_ 600. Checkeens.

For curing Card: *Richelieu* of the Kings evil, 800. French  
Crownes.

Well Gentlemen, to be short, My Master loves money  
woundly well, and so does my Masters man. If therefore  
ye want any thing, greaze my fist with a Tester or two,  
and ye shall find it in your penny-worths. And why  
should not I cheat him with as good a conscience, as he  
you ?

But stay ! We must have a parting song, before ye  
goe. Sirrah, *Fack*, Rogue, Boy, Hoe *Fack* !

*Enter Boy.*

O are you come, Sirrah ! Sing these Gentlemen a song.  
Come, be nimble, 'Twill be your owne another day.

*Song.*

Boy. **I**S any sick ? Is any fore

Opprest with Qualmes and fainting fits ?  
Or bound behind ? Or loose before ?

Has any Lover lost his wits ?

*Let him draw neare,*

*And make his griefs appeare,*

Wee'l cure them all from top to toe,

Before, behind, above, below.

**I I.**

Is any heart opprest with dolor ?

Sullen, sad, or melancholly ?

Or-flowne with blood ? inflam'd with choler ?

Or surcharg'd with Flegme or folly ?

*Let him draw neare,*

*And make his griefs appeare,*

Wee'l ease ye all, what ere ye feele,

Within, without, from head to heele.

## III.

*Is any soule that would be faire?*

*Would Ravens appeare as white as Lambs?*

*Has any Courtier lost his haire?*

*Or finds a crickling in his hammes?*

*Let him draw neare,*

*And make his griefs appeare,*

*Wee'l cure all their wants throughout,*

*Above, below, within, without.*

## IV.

*Has any Morphew, Freckles, Staynes,*

*Warts, or Wounds, or Wens, or Scar's?*

*Blisters, Botches, Biles, or Blanes,*

*Coughs, Consumptions, Colds, Catarrs?*

*Let them draw neare,*

*And make their griefs appeare,*

*Wee'l make them sound from bone to skin,*

*Above, below, without, within.*

## V.

*Chollicks, Fevers, Palseyes, Flux,*

*Cancers, Dropies, nauseous Fumes?*

*Megrims, Skirvies, Cramps, or Cricks,*

*Faundies, Rickets, Piles, or Rhumes?*

*Let them draw neare,*

*And make their griefs appeare,*

*Wee'l give them ease, and health restore,*

*Within, without, behind, before.*

*Quibble. Tis a good Boy!*

Now Gentlemen, y'ave heard the truth both sung and said, confirm'd by fooles and children, who ye know speak truth. If after all this ye cannot beleve, we have lost our breath, and you the benefit.

But

But to confirme your Confidence, and to magnifie the excellence of our skill, I will present such visible demonstrations to your eye, that Doubt shall find no ground to question, and Unbelief shall blush at her own infidelity. And first,

Here is a Sovereigne Balsome, that in the space of one minure and three quarters, shall cure the deepest wound that dagger can inflict, whereof behold sufficient prooffe.

*Stabs himself.*

Gentlemen, this wound which I have made, shall by the vertue of this Balsome be as quickly cured.

*Annoyns.*

So, now the blood retires unto his wonted veynes, I feele the Orifice, which even just now had roome enough to lodge my finger, now clos'd, and smoothe, and flesh deliver'd from the sense of paine.

Secondly, here is an excellent Antidote, which taken, shall preserve the taker from the injury of poyson, hot or cold. As for example——

This ugly Spider here contains the rankest of all venim.

Now Gentlemen, I take my Antidote.

And now my Spider.

*Eates it.*

Tis gone ! Fight Dog, fight Beare. Hem !

Poyson doe thy worst. Hah ! Dost thou rejoyunce ?

Thy power's curb'd, and cannot work her end.

Needs feare no Foe, that hath so true a friend.

Thirdly, here's a soveraigne Restorative which shall correct the deadlyest poyson in the height of operation.

See ye this swelling Toad, whose poyson taken shall swell ye till ye burst, And from the very Porch of Death this rare Preservative shall soone redeeme ye. Gentlemen,

mark how I squeeze this mortall bit into this Poule.

Now Gallants, a Health to my Mistresse.

*Drinks.*

H

Now

Now pledge it that dare. Mark the operation, Hem!  
 Hem ! Hem ! Now it begins to work, O I am sick, my  
 bowels gripe, I sweat, I burne, I burst——*Takes the*  
*Restorative.*

O what a Julip breathes into my veynes !  
 And how these strong Convulsions of my soule  
 Begin to loosen ! How the loathsome Qualmes  
 Of my obstructed stomach turnes to ease  
 And appetite ! O soveraigne drop  
 How, how hast thou restor'd my dying life  
 With thy unvalu'd excellence, and lent  
 My tongue new pow'r to call thee excellent !

Now, my Masters, you that delight in Chimestry,  
 know also, my Master can shew you many rare Experi-  
 ments. He sayes he can make the Philosophers Stone,  
 but saving his Reverence I think he lyes, else he'd be  
 hang'd ere he'd thus Quack for Testers.

But this upon my knowledge : He can bring an Artifi-  
 ciall Resurrection, and Vivification to *Mercury*, which  
 being mortified into a thousand shapes, assumes againe  
 its owne Body, and returnes to its numericall selfe. He  
 can likewise from the Ashes of a Plant, revive the Plant,  
 and from its Cinders recall it to the Stalk and Leaves  
 againe. Lastly, by the vertue of a thing called Wit, he  
 can doe such wonders at Cribbidge, or New-cut, that  
 the experience thereof shall teach ye more wisdom in  
 an houre, then all the Volume of *Thomas Aquinas* can  
 afford you in ten dayes : Wherein if you please the next  
 market day he shall give you a plenary satisfaction, if  
 you repaire hither with purses to be handled, and minds  
 to be instructed.

*Exit.*

*Madge.*

*Madge, Cis.*

*Cis.* Well *Madge*, though I pawne my Poppingay Petticoat for't, Ile ha' some of that powder next market day.

*Madge.* What powder *Cis*?

*Cis.* That powder that will make *Fack* love *Fone*.

*Madge.* P'sh, I don't think 'twill work any such effect.

*Cis.* Yes *Madge*, as sure as I live. *Doll* our Dairy-maid gave some on't to *Nick* the Butlers' boy, and within an houre after the boy was so mad of her: He would never let her alone, but dogg'd her from corner to corner, and would so tumble her and so touze her: And when company was by her would so gloit and cast sheeps eyes at her, as past. She could goe no where but the boy would make one. Sometimes he would bring her May-bushes, sometimes mellow-Apples, sometimes a Busk-point, sometimes a Silk-lace. And if she spake but a kind word to him, Lord, he would so simper, and so jemper, and so lick his lips, and so scratch his elboe, as 'twas admirable.

*Madge.* Is't possible?

*Cis.* Tell thee *Madge*, I saw it with my owne eyes, and thought the next time the Mountebank came I'd buy some on't to see what mettle our *Frank* the Faulkner was made on.

*Madge.* Why firrah, he loves thee well enough without it: Would I know who lov'd me halfe so well.

*Cis.* Yes verily, I confesse I think he loves me dearly well, but yet not so dearly as I'de have him. He's such a maydenly man! \_\_\_\_\_

*Madge.* Why? I'm sure I saw him kisse thee twenty times together, to be sure so often that my teeth water'd soundly.

*Cis.* Twenty times ? what's twenty times ? what's that ? 'Tis done before one can say What's this ? Twenty times ? 'Tis a mighty piece of businesse. And then forsooth, he must stroak his Hawke, And then forsooth he must feed his Hawke, and then forsooth, he must bathe his Hawke, And then forsooth, he must lie down by his Hawke, and see his Hawke pick her self, and prune her self, and there's such a deal of fiddling, and such a deal of fadling, And then forsooth, he must goe abroad a hawking, and stay out all day, and then at night come home as weary as his dogs, and sit without life or soul, That one has as much comfort in him as comes to nothing.

*Madge.* Well *Cis*, wou'd some body did but love me halfe so well, a that condition it cost me a fall.

*Cis.* Goodly, goodly, wou'd *Antony* at *George* were here to draw his name out a your politrique mouth, You are so close, and so wise now.

*Madge.* Why, I am not ashamed to name him, nor he of his name : Well, he has cost me many a bitter sigh in his dayes, Yet I dare take my oath hee's as honest a young man as lives by bread.

*Cis.* Why dost thou sigh ? He may leave his honesty when he will, and see ne'r a whit the worfe for't.

*Madge.* I care not, so he left it with no body but me ; yet in the way of honesty too (I tell ye but so :) Well, no body knowes what I have endur'd for his sake ; But I may thank my modesty for't, and my Mother for that. She gave my a Rule forsooth, once, which I ha' beshrew'd her for a thousand times.

*Cis.* What Rule was that, *Madge* ?

*Madge.* She charg'd me, that when any sued for my love, I should be coy, and say No forsooth, and still No forsooth,



forsooth, and Noforsooth, which I ha' done so long, that I have almost Noforsooth'd away all my fortunes. But sirrah, (here's none but Thee and I) Ile tell thee. This very day two moneths (well fare all good tokens) *Antony* at the *George* would needs ha' me downe into his Wine-celler, and gave me a Pint of Brown-bastard; and being in a good humour, brake his minde to me, And taking a glasse of Wine, wisht it might be his poyson if he did not love me with all his heart.

*Cis.* But did he drink it?

*Madge.* Every drop as I live; Nay more, wou'd may nere store, if he offered not (Ile tell it to thee) to fetch a Licence instantly, and marry me forthwith, if I'd goe with him; But I, like a puppinos'd foole, followed my Mothers directions, and cry'd Noforsooth, to make him the more eager, which he taking in earnest, flung away in a pet, and as I live, took me at my word, and never spake kindly to me since: And this is the fruits of Noforsooth.

*Cis.* And wert thou not serv'd in thy kind, to be such an asse, to refuse a good thing when 'twas offer'd?

*Madge.* Nay, Sirrah, See the luck on't; Had he but ask'd me once more, I had resolv'd to ha' taken him at his word: But if he, or any other hereafter take *Madge* a crying Noforsooth, I'll give him leave to bite off my tongue, and spit it in my face, I tell ye but so.

*Cis.* Dost thou think he has forsaken thee upon't?

*Madge.* I can't tell: I ha' made many a frivolous errand to the *George* since, And when he sees me, the Gentleman will bite his lip, and put off his hat, but as I live, neither kisse me, nor nothing else, That I came away with a flea in mine care, and in a fustian Fret, and

had such Qualmes, and such Swamps come over my stomach all night long——

*Cis.* But art not mightily troubled with him in thy dreames?

*Madge.* O, firrah, abomination; There's ne'r a night escapes me, on my conscience: Sometimes, methinks I see him twirling up his pretty little black beard: sometimes stroaking up his fore-top: sometimes finging that heavenly tune of *Walsingham* to his Citterne: sometimes crying Anon Anon Sir, and running up stairs: sometimes Very welcome Gentlemen, Is all paid i'th'Rose? which he fetches up with such a grace——As indeed every thing he does becomes him most sweetly. O how I could curse this peevish tongue of mine for saying that last Nofooth. Ah! if he had askt me the Question but once more, verly I had been to morrow two moneths gone: But who can help it?

*Cis.* Well *Madge*, our conditions are much alike: we must even comfort one another as well as we can.

*Madge.* That's but cold comfort *Cis*: I but my case is a thousand times worse then thine; Thou mayst see him thou lovest every day, and dine together, and sup together, and sleepe together under the same roofe; but I a poore forsaken creature must waste my disconsolate hours in thinking, & in sighing, and in [*Weeps*] sobbing. Infomuch that I han't eaten a bit of bread that has done me any good these three dayes. But yet I can't choose but laugh to think--*Ha, ha, ha, ha*, how *Frank* the Fawlkner--*Ha, ha, ha, ha*, was catch'd in's Roguery last night, *Ha, ha, ha, ha*.

*Cis.* How? Prithee tell me.

*Madge.* I think my heart will burst when I think on't. *Ha, ha, ha, ha*.

*Cis.*

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*Cis.* Prithee tell me the conceit.

*Madge.* Sirrah, yesternight when thou wert gone up with my Lady, *Frank* and I were raking Husbands and Wives in the Embers, And *Frank* hearing the stayres creak, and thinking thee hadst been comming downe, catcht my Lady fast by the--*Ha, ha, ha, ha*, middle; but she lent him such a whirrit upon the eare, that all the house rung on't: But 'twould make a Horse break his Halter to see how like an Assc poore *Frank* lookt and sneakt away with his taile clapt betweene his legs, *Ha, ha, ha, ha*, Did he not tell thee on't yet?

*Cis.* No verily, I see him not to day: Huds lifelykins, Alas poore heart, But 'tis no matter: Let him keep home adayes then, that he may see what he does, and whom he embraces. But sirrah, now I think on't, I ha some a *Dolls* powder, which I stole from her, Till we get more, let's try conclusions with that.

*Madge.* With all my heart, let's: But how shall we give it them?

*Cis.* How? Leave that to me: *Frank* and I will goe to the *George*, and drink a pint with *Antony*, and then we'll send for thee, And I warrant thee Ile spice their Cups, and then

*In sight of my mother, my grandame, my aunt,  
We'll drink off our cups, and make a night on't.*

*Madge.* A match! Come, let's away; we shall be both hang'd for staying so long. *Exeunt.*

*Ewald. Artesio, Formidon, Comodus.*

*Ewald. Artesio,* Can you resolve us yet concerning the death of *Pertenax*?

*Art.* Sir, he was open'd, and we apparently find that he was poyson'd.

*Ewald.*

*Evald.* Goe *Artesio*, and comfort thy poore afflicted daughter, Let her know, that we are partners in her sorrow, and will be a husband to the widow, and take her welfare into our protection.

*Art.* Heaven blesse your Highnesse. *Ex. Artes.*

*Evald.* Does there appeare any new light by your Examination?

*Formid.* Sir, I find there was such a Letter counterfeited from your Highnesse, and a silver Cup was delivered to *Kettreena* by a stranger, who after the delivery instantly departed. Likewise I find that *Pertenax* coming in the nick, snatcht it from *Kettreena's* unwilling hand, and in a passion retyr'd into a roome, not suffering her to follow him, where he was found dead an houre after.

Another Examinee saith, that he sent for a dramme of Arsnick the night before, but for what purpose the Examinee knoweth not.

Another Examinee, being one of his servants, saith, that she harkning at the doore, did heare him say, that he would put in a dose of Arsnick into the Cup for *Kettreena*, which she saw him search in his pockets for, but being suddenly call'd away by her Lady, stayed not to see the rest. And indeed it is generally beleaved, that he was chiefe Agent in his owne death.

*Evald.* *Comodus*, what account can you give us of this businesse?

*Com.* Sir, we found in his pocket the Cup and the Letter, but no Arsnick: Upon suspicion I examined Madam *Lactusia*, and one *Cornelius Quack*, once servant to *Artesio*, who falter something in their examination, but deny any knowledge of the proceedings: Onely they both heare that *Pertenax* counterfeited the Letter, to see

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See with what Affection his Lady would receive it.

*Evald.* Even like enough, The just reward of a jealous braine.

*Com.* But this she added, That when time should serve, she would discover a secret of another nature, which will make such an alteration in the State, as Time could not example: whereupon I committed them both to Prison till a farther Examination.

*Evald.* 'Twas wisely done.

*Formidon,* See a firme Conveyance made of all *Pertanax* his Estate to our use, which we freely give to *Ket-treena*. And you *Comodus*, take a speciall care to call in her debts that are upon Book and Specialties. *Ex.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Glisterpipe.*

**T**He Devill a bit of meat have I gotten these nine dayes, but once a leane scrag end of a Neck of Mutton, which one of my Masters Patients loath'd to eate: Else my whole diet hath been nothing but the overplus of thin Physick-broth, and my drink, the heartlesse reversion of dis-curved Posset-Ale: Inso-much, I had rather be my Masters Hang-man, then his Serving-man; For then perchance I might get a Cast Suit, and a gratuity for a quick dispatch.

Who's at doore there?

*Knocks at doore.  
Opens it, and enter Page  
with an Vrinall.*

*Page.* Sir, Is Master Doctor within? I have brought him a Urine.

*Glif.* From whom?

*Page.* From my Lady *Albion*.

I

*Glif.*

*Glif.* My Master is very busie, and cannot be spoken with these two houres.

*Page.* Good Sir, my businesse is upon life and death: I pray bring me to him, and I shall be very thankful.

*Glif.* How shall that appeare?

*Page.* By this small earnest of a greater Reward.

*Gives him a Fee.*

*Glif.* Wel Sir, I shal make a tryal. *Opens the curtain.*  
Sir, here is one would speak with you from my Lady *Albion.*

*Art.* Bring him in.

Now friend, what's your businesse?

*Page.* Sir, my Lady hath sent you her Urine, and desires your Advice.

*Art.* *Glisterpipe.*

*Glif.* Sir.

*Poures it in a dish.*

*Art.* Goe ayre it.

*Glif.* Now Ide as lief he had bid me gone to supper, but take him in that fault, & hang him.

*Stumbles, & spils the urine, and riles.*

So, now am I as sure of a crackt Crowne, as my Master is of a whole Angel: But Ile serve him a trick, and save my selfe some labour. Ile make it up againe out of my owne stock.

*Exit.*

*Art.* Has your Lady made no use of any other Doctor formerly?

*Page.* Yes Sir, she took advice of a Scottish Doctor, but she is not much the better for him: He drew a great deale of money from her Ladiship, who is now faine to give him money to be rid on him.

*Whisper.*

*Ent. Glisterpipe.*

*Glif.* Tis all but Pisse, and tis not the first time my Master has had an eye to my water.

*Page.*



*Page.* Truly I cannot tel Sir.

*Shakes the Urinal.*

*Art.* This water shews no great defect in her Ladiships stomach.

*Glist.* His Doctorship may sweare it.

*Art.* Her Ladiship accustomes her self to too thin a diet, eats too much broth, and too many Sillibubs.

*Glist.* Posset-Ale ye meane Sir, a halter stretch ye.

*Art.* And does not encourage her stomach with good substantiall mear.

*Glist.* Thanks to your miserable purse Sir, he would if he could get it.

*Art.* Her Ladiships body is much out of order, and there's a Malignant Hypochondriacall Flate within her, which fumes up, and disturbs her Head: Is she not much troubled with the Head-ache?

*Page.* Yes Sir, exceedingly: She complains of it every day.

*Art.* She is likewise much troubled with inflamations, and obstructions in the liver, which causes an inordinate swimming in the Braine, and giddinesse. Is she not apt now and then to speak idly?

*Page.* O Sir, when the Fit takes her, she speaks never a word of sense: she talks of nothing but Bishops, and Petitions, and I can't tell what, and her tongue runs so wildly, and indeed I think she is scarce sensible sometimes of her own sicknesse.

*Art.* That proceeds altogether from the rude confluence of loose humors. I find by her water, she is much troubled with wind and choller, which occasions a great and frequent heart-burning: Is she not much subject to unaccustomed sadnesse at times?

*Page.* Extreemly Sir.

*Art.* I find she has a great imbecility in her Spirits naturall, which causes in her a generall faintnesse, and now and then enclined to the *Cardiacke* *passio*. Is she not often possesst with sudden frights, and feares, and jealousies, and mis-understandings?

*Page.* Exceedingly Sir.

*Art.* I find likewise, that she is much troubled with the Spleene, which occasions Rudidity, melancholy, and at times distractions? Is she not often in a brown study?

*Page.* Very much Sir.

*Art.* Well, I feare we must be forc'd to draw some blood from her, which as the case stands now with her, I should be loth to doe. There is some bad blood in her veynes; but if a veyne be once opened, the best blood in her body may chance to passe too, which she can hardly spare, without palpable danger. Unrill I see her, I can prescribe little. To morrow I shall wait upon her. Ladship, and what I shall then find fitting, shall be carefully administr'd. In the meane while, let her keep her head warme, and be very careful of her Temples: Let her forbear Salt and Ulsquebagh: Let her use Moderation in her Exercises, wherein she might not be forc'd to lift her armes too neare her head: And for the relieving of her drooping spirits, let her recreate her selfe now and then with a game at Irish: Let her forbear Noddy, and Chess, as Games too serious. Farewell.

*Page.* Take this, *Glisterspipe*, to drink my Ladies health.

*Gives Glist. a Fee, & Ex.*

*Glist.* How odoriferous is a very stooke? how sweet, When full-eramm'd Purfes, and craz'd Bodies meet?

*Knocks.*

What? more Fees yet? Who's at doore?

*Page.*

*Page.* Pray is Mr. Doctor within?  
I have brought him a water.

*Ent. Page with  
an Urinall.*

*Glif.* From whom?

*Page.* From my Lady Temple.

*Glif.* He cannot be spoken with as yet, unlesse——

*Page.* I know your mind, Sir, let this quicken you.

*Art.* Glisterpipe?

*Glif.* Sir,

*Art.* Who's there?

*Glif.* One that would speak with your Honour from my Lady Temple.

*Art.* Bring him in; Now friend, what's your business?

*Page.* Sir, my Lady desires your Advice upon her Urine.

*Art.* Glisterpipe, goe chase it.

*Glif.* So, there's a smiling more for Glisterpipe. *Ex.*

*Art.* How long has your Lady been sick?

*Page.* These three years, Sir: she took a tedious journey to *Cambridge*, where she conceives she took a surfer with too much Duck, which hath laine very heavy upon her Ladships stomach ever since.

*Enter Glif. with the Urinall.*

*Art.* This water shewes a great distemper in her principall Parts, which indeed sets her whole Frame out of Order: Has she taken no Advice formerly?

*Page.* Sir, she has had many Advisers, but men of mean quality, and of no skill at all.

*Art.* What were they?

*Page.* Her poore Neighbours Sir, Coblers, Weavers, Felt-makers, Coachmen, and Brewers Clerks, who pretend a great deale of slovenly skill.

*Art.* In good time! But what Doctors had she?

*Page.* Some Doctors of very good worth, but this Rabble jeers them, and laughs them out of doors.

*Art.* I find by her Water she has a foule Liver, & can digest no wholsome food: And her first digestion being bad, makes her second worse: Is she not apt to frights?

*Page.* Sir, her Ladiships stomach was prittily well purg'd of her *Canterbury Duck*, and being finely at ease, and laid to rest, a rude company of cock-brain'd Rascals in an humor beset her house, and brake downe all her Glasse-windowes, and put her into such a fright, that she has been the worle for't ever since.

*Art.* I find by her water, there has been too sudden Alterations in her constitution: Is she not sometimes very hot, and sometimes very cold?

*Page.* Yes Sir, sometimes as cold as Charity, sometimes as hot as Zeale.

*Art.* I find obnoxious fumes rising from her stomach, and stupifying her braine: Is she not at times very drowzie?

*Page.* Yes Sir, Infomuch that the common people think she is troubled with a *Lurgie*.

*Art.* A Lethargie you meane. It is a *Chronically* disease, and time must cure it. But let her know, that so long as she entertaines this rude Rabble of un sanctified Mechanicks, She can never prosper in her health. Till she banish them, there will be no roome for me. Fare ye well.

But heare ye. Let her Fasting be frequent, and her Prayers, Common.

*Glif.* Sir, I shall pray for your Ladies health.

*Page.* Fast too.

*Glif.* A faire Reward! 'Tis Supper time: He hence.  
My *Pater Nosters* shall be like her Pence.

*Ex.*

*Ex.*

*Evaldus,*

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*Evaldus, Augusta, Bellarm. Pallad: Museus, Artes. Form.*

*Comod. Kettreena, Marina, Roscia, Phonilla, Tripit.*

*All bow to the Oracle and  
take their places.*

Enter three Pythian Virgin Priests with Censers in their hands, in Linnen Robes, and crown'd with Bayes.

*Thrice bow to the Oracle.*

1. Great *Apollo*, we adore thee.

2. We importune, we implore thee.

2. Thus we prostrate fall before thee.

*All bow to the Oracle.*

1. Sacred *Phebus* draw thee nigher.

2. Grant the boone that we desire.

3. And resent our holy Fire.

*Offer their Incense.*

1. Thou before whose open eye

2. All unshadow'd secrets lye,

3. Cleare our doubts, and make reply.

*Bow, and stepping nearer to the Oracle, bowe  
again, and retiring back, bow the 3. time.*

1. When *Evaldus* shall lay downe,  
Shall *Bellarmino* weare the Crowne?

*Oracle, No.*  
*Bell. Apollo* lyes: This is the Oracle I appeale to.

*Evald:* On paine of death, keep silence there. Proceed.  
*Layes hand on his sword.*

2. When *Evaldus* shall lay downe,  
Shall *Palladius* weare the Crowne?

*Oracle, No.*  
*Pall.* Nay now *Apollo's* ignorant or unjust.

*Eva.* Silence once more. The next disturber dies. Proceed.

3. When *Evaldus* shall lay downe,  
Shall *Museus* weare the Crowne?

*Oracle, No.*

## The Virgin Widow.

When *Ewaldus* shall lay downe,

Whose head then shall weare the Crowne ?

*Oracle.* The Babe unborne shall end the strife,  
Whose Mother is both Widow, Maid, and Wife.

*Aug.* The Oracle speaks Treason, and *Apollo's* Priests  
Are all Impostors.

*A flash of fire from the Oracle, A cloud of smoak;  
which being vanisht, Augusta is found dead in  
her Chaire of State, her Crown struck off, con-  
vey'd upon Kettreena's head: Bellarmo, Pal-  
ladius, and Trippit, dead upon the ground, and  
the 3. Pythians kneeling upon the floore.*

*Ewald.* Are we all safe ? Are we not all consum'd ?

*For.* Bellarmo's stricken dead.

*Kett.* He's in a trance, O chafe his Temples !

*Art.* Ye stand too close, Beare back, & give him aire.

*Com.* Palladius.

*Mar.* Bend him, O bend him forwards.

*For.* He's past recovery.

*Art.* I feele no Pulse.

*Pho.* Her eyes are open.

*Ros.* Methinks I feele some breath.

*Art.* Stand by.

*Ewald.* Are they all dead *Artesio* ?

*Art.* All three as dead as earth.

*Ewald.* O unexampled Justice ! Who can stand  
Before the power of great *Apollo's* hand ?  
*Augusta*, let's away, Our flight may scape  
Approaching after-claps : *Augusta*, come.  
What, fall'n asleep ?

*Art.* The Queene is in a Trance.

*Ewald.* *Augusta*.

*Ket.* Heaven bless the Queene.

*Ros.*



*Ros.* She stirs not.

*Ma.* She breathes not.

*Art.* Make roome, Stand farther off.

*Ewald.* O she is dead, Is any hope of life ?

*Art.* Sir none at all.

*Ewald.* *Augusta*, deare *Augusta*, speak,  
Move but a finger : O she's past all cure !

*Ros.* But where's her Crowne ?

*Ma.* Look here, upon *Kettreena's* head.

*Mus.* How came it thither ?

*Kett.* Most Royall Sir, How this Crown came here  
I cannot tell : Excuse me gracious Prince,  
Who humbly lay it at your sacred feet.

*Ewald.* *Kettreena*, keep it for us ; keep it safe,  
Till we require it, and dispose thereof.

*Apollo's* will must be, who give us patience  
To beare his punishments : Take up the dead,  
And let us see them all bestow'd, and laid  
In the sad Clofets of eternall rest.

*Exeunt.*

*Antony, Frank.*

*Frank.* Wou'd may never sweare if I had not rather  
serve the great Turk in his Gallies, then a Court Lady  
in her humors.

*Ant.* Sirrah, how the poore wenches trembled when  
we made them stay tother pint. But is my Lady so strict  
*Frank* ?

*Frank.* O she's a pestilent vixen when she's angry, and  
as proud as *Lucifer*. She has been to me knowledge a  
whole houre by the Houre-glasse making Faces in a  
Looking-glasse. Sometimes putting out the nether  
lippe, sometimes bridling in the chinne ; sometimes  
forming of a smile, sometimes figging up her  
cheeks, sometimes kissing of her white hand, sometimes  
practising

practising a new French Curtsie. And then *Cis* must be call'd, and then her Ladiships haire must be crispt, and then her Ladiships face must be complexion'd, and then her Ladiships teeth must be sealed, and then her Ladiships browes must be mullited, and then her Ladiships Turkie-egge must be eaten with a good grace. And then her Ladiships foystring dog must be comb'd, and then *Cis* must be sent for this dressing, and for that petticote, and *Madge* must be imploy'd for that plaine Hankercher, and then for that purl'd Gorget which *Cis* was filling all last night. Then fault must be found, then *Cis* must be chidden, and *Madge* must be rated: And her sullen Ladiship must keep her chamber all day, and at night her peevisish Ladiship must be sick and goe to rest. Then at Midnight *Cis* must be call'd to kill the Flea that keeps her Ladiship from sleeping forthwith. Then *Cis* must slip on her petticote to see if the Hall-doore be shut, then downe againe to rate the dogs, then downe againe to fetch her Ladiship some Beere. Then *Cis* must look under the Bed, after that into the Closet, to see if there be ne'r a Cat to break her Ladiships Glasses. Infomuch that I hold it the greatest misery ith' world, next being a Lady, to be a Chambermaid. But I must away. *Tony*, farewell.

*An.* Nay *Frank*, we'll have one fresh pint to drink *Madge* and *Cis*'s Healths before we part. *Knock within.*  
Anon, anon, presently, presently.

*Frank.* But *Tony*, *Tony*, *Tony*, let it alone, for tis Hawk-ing time; My Hawk has been empty pannel'd these three houres. *Knock within.*

*An.* I come, I come, presently, presently.  
Hang Hawks, we'll have one pint. *Knock within.*  
By and by, By and by, I come I come.

*Frank.*

*Frank.* Prethee *Tomy* be nimble then. *Ex.*

Now had I as lief goe a hanging as a hawking—  
Whatsoere the matter is, I ha' no mind to that sport.  
Ide rather ha' *Cis* in my armes, then a leath a Partridges  
in my poutch: 'Tis a feat Gidle. O that this were my  
marriage day! on that condition I went barefoot to bed.  
Pretty Rogue! Well, I'm resolv'd, what ere come on't,  
I will marry, and I must marry, and I will marry ere  
two dayes come to an end: Let my Lady get her a new  
Fawconer, or eate Mutton if she please. O Mutton, Mut-  
ton, Mutton! Well, I must marry, and I will marry;  
To day I receive my wages, and to morrow Ile buy a  
Licence, and next day *Cis* and Ile clap hands, And hey!  
then up goe we.

*Ent. Anthony.*  
*Ant.* Here *Frank*, a Health to *Cis*. *Drinks.*

*Frank.* Come, Ile pledge't, we'r't a mile to the bor-  
tome. *Pledges.*  
Now *Tomy*, fill me a cup: A Health to *Madge*. *Drinks.*

*Ant.* Come away: *Madge* shall never go unpledg'd  
whilst I am worth a Pint, nor never want while I am  
worth a penny. *Pledges.*

*Frank.* Thou art grown wondrous kind to day, *Tomy*.

*Ant.* I think the Moone's i'th Horri-cotty, and all the  
loving Planicles are in Conjunction. Sirrah, I am so  
strangely taken within these two houres, that I ha' much  
adoe to keep my selfe honest.

*Frank.* Hudds Wookers, I'm i'th same Predicature  
*Tomy.* My Stars lend me honesty enough to light me to  
bed, and keep *Cis* out of my way. But tell me, how li-  
kest thou *Cis*?

*Ant.* Hougely well I perrest. As I live, 'tis a dainty  
Gidle: She speaks so wisely, and her words are so well  
plac'd,

plac'd, and she lips so prettily, and so sweetely, And firrah they say that lipping wenches are good to kitch. Now tell me thy opinion of *Madge*.

*Franks* I tell thee *Tony*, she's as good a creature as ever liv'd in a house, and as well Belov'd of the servants. Thou shalt have a dainty hufwife, and an excellent Starcher, and one that my Master respects above all the rest. If his Band be to be pin'd, no body can please him but *Madge*; When his Cornes are to be cut, none must do't but *Madge*. If his Cuffe-strings are to be ty'd, none can tye 'em but *Madge*. When his Muskadine and Egges are to be prepar'd, none can please him but *Madge*. When his head akes, *Madge* must hold it: If his back itch, *Madge* must scratch it: And to her credit be it spoken, he swears, for a Foot, and a Leg, and a dainty black eye, and a white smoothe skin, and a

*Ant.* No more good *Frank*, thou mak'st me mad. My Stars lend me but honesty enough till I have opportunity to lose it.

*Frank.* And me but patience till Thursday.

*Ant.* Why Thursday?

*Frank.* If I breathe, *Cis* and *Ile* have a marriage day ont.

*Ant.* Say'st thou me so? Art in earnest? Give me thy hand.

*Frank.* As sure as this is flesh, and blood, & knuckles.

*Ant.* If *Madge* and I don't the like (if she be as willing as I) hang *Tony*. But shall's marry in our old Cloathes?

*Frank.* Huds diggers, I'de not stay till Friday for the Kings Wardrobe.

*Ant.* A march then! Give me thy clutch, Bring them hither a Thursday morning, by break a day, and we'll dispatch

dispatch the businesse before the Crow pisse.

Now *Frank*, here's a Health to the happy day. (*drinks.*

*Frank.* Let it come, boy.

(*pledges.*

Here's another to the happy night.

(*drinks.*

*Ant.* Come away.

(*pledges.*

Anon, anon, presently, presently.

(*Knock within.*

Farewell *Frank.*

*Frank.* *Tony* farewell, and remember ——— *Exeunt.*

*Ant.* Very very welcome, Gentlemen. *Without.*

A pint a Canary in the Lyon, Skore!

*Evald.* *Museus*, *Artesio*, *Form*: *Com*: *Kettreena*,

*Rosia*, *Marina*, *Officers.*

*Evald.* I cannot rest, *Artesio*, till I purge  
This groaning Land of *Pertenax* his blood.

*For.* See, here the Prisoners.

*Ent.* Prisoners

*Lat.* Mercy, O mercy, gracious Prince. *with Keepers*

*Quack.* Mercy, dread Sovereigne, mercy.

*Evald.* Wretches, The way to Mercy, is Confession.

Speak truth, Are ye guilty of this murder?

*Lat.* Most gracious Prince, I was no Actor in it.

*Quack.* Nor I Contriver, may it please your grace.

*For.* No, She contrived, and He acted it.

*Evald.* Speak, is it so? Come speak the truth.

*Lat.* True gracious Sovereigne, But we hope for  
mercy from your gracious hands.

*Evald.* Say, what Confederates had ye?

*Quack.* May't please your Grace, *Lactusia* set me on.

*Lat.* *Trippit* first call'd me in.

*Evald.* She has her punishment: Who writ the Letter?

*Lat.* The Queene, most Royall Sir.

*Quack.* Who promis'd on her Royall faith to stand  
twixt me and danger. Sir, for her deare sake be gracious,

*Ewald.* O marble hearts, to plot so vile a fact  
Against such Dove-like Innocence as this.

*Points to Kestreena.*  
Well, take them hence; and see due Justice done  
According to our Lawes, whereof we charge  
A present Execution.

*Prisoners.* Mercy, O Mercy. 'Tis the first offence.  
Be gracious to us. Mercy, mercy.

*Ewald.* Officers, Away with them. *Exit.*  
Since Heaven hath pleased to deprive us thus  
Of our deare Comfort, our beloved Queene,  
We think it fit, to let our people know

That we have made a second choise, to ease  
The weighty Burthen of our carefull Crowne.  
*Kestreena*, bring the Crowne. *Deliver it.*

And for thy paines,  
We here accept thee for our lawfull Spouse,  
To be our Comfort in *Augusta's* stead.  
In pledge whereof we crowne thy Royall head.  
Dost thou consent *Kestreena*?

*Kestreena* consents. *Enter. Lact. with Keepers.*  
*Lact.* Be pleas'd most Royall Sir to

Give me leave to disburthen my conscience of a secret  
that concernes the State.

*Ewald.* Speak on.

*Lact.* Sir, *Augusta* was no lawfull Queene.

*Maf.* The woman's mad.

*For.* Away with her.

*Lact.* Good Sir be pleas'd to heare me out.

*Ewald.* Speak on, speak on.

*Lact.* *Kestreena* was the lawfull Queene, whom newly borne, I then her Nurse, exchanging'd for *Augusta* your late wife, who was no other but *Artessio's* daughter.

En-



*The Virgin Widow.*

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Entic'd by him I did it, unto which  
He did corrupt me with a great reward.  
That this is truth, I scale it with my blood.

*Artasio*, is't not so?

*Ewald*. *Artasio* speak. What say'st to this?

*Art*. Sir I'm a dying man, if not by Law, by age.  
I, whom my frozen blood denyes to blush,  
Must not be bold to lye.

*Mus*. I'm likely to have a fine pull of this.

*Art*. *Lactusia* speaks but truth: The A&S's confest.

*Mus*. Are my hopes come to this?

*Art*. My life or death lies in *Kettreena*'s brest.

*Ewald*. Officers conduct the Pris'ners back, and stay  
Their execution till you farther heare:  
If this be so, *Ewaldus* must religne

Both place and Crowne, *(Leads up Kett. into the*  
And now an humble Subject joyne *Chaire.*

*Omnes*. With all the rest, and say, LONG LIVE  
OUR QUEENE KETTREENA.

*Mus*. And now *Musow* may goe hang himselfe.

*Kett*. Being thus ordain'd by heavenly powers to wear  
The sacred Crowne of unexpected Care;  
And well advising, what great danger waits  
Upon the Scepters of ungovern'd States:  
Conscious of too much weaknesse to command  
So great a Kingdome with a single hand:  
W're pleas'd to choose a Consort, in whose care  
The Realme hath prosper'd, and to whom we dare  
Commit our selfe and it.

*Ewaldus*, to requite thy charge, we choose  
Thee our deare Husband, and with sacred vows  
We make thee partner in our unknowne bed,

And

And set this Crowne Imperiall on thy head.

And let the tongues of our good Subjects ring  
Loud peales of joy.

*Enter Leonora, Evaldus King.*

*Evald.* Two Crowns have blest *Evaldus* in one houre.

This crowns my heart with joy: *Embraces Kett.*

This crowns my head with power. *Touches the Crown.*

Faire Queene, *Artelio's* punishment we leave

To thy dispose.

*Kett.* The personall offence we freely pardon;

But for the publique wrong, we must confine him.

*Evald.* And lest that after Ages

Should interrupt the right of true succession,

We charge *Musens* to the self-same place:

Where they shall want for nothing, but enjoy

(Excepting Freedome) their owne hearts desires.

Meane while, what Art, and Industry can doe

To expresse our joyes, and Subjects full content,

Let not be wanting: Let us bend our care

To advance a publique mirth, and to prepare

Such Triumphs, whose bright Honour might display

A panick joy, and glorifie the day

Of Marriage-Royall, solemniz'd betweene

New-crown'd *Evaldus*, and his Royall Queene.

*Exeunt.*

THE END.

